JULY 20, 1871.

BITTERS
FREE FROM ALCOHOL
CALIFORNIA
BITTERS

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worms like these Bitters.
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The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

VOLUME XXIII. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1871. NUMBER 1182.

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THE CONFLICT.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

FLESH grows weak, but heart grows stronger,
Hands fall helpless, soars my soul;
Darkness holds these eyes no longer,
Lo! the Heavens are as a scroll.

This wild path I thought was tending
Past the flats where shadows drift
All day long, and lo! 'tis ending!
Hour of life, what flight so swift!

And my work—alas! completed!
Scarce begun, I thought; how drear,
Drear to feel unfit—defeated—
Work so glorious! work so dear!

From a valley, Death, 'twas fairer
Once than thine, a voice, it saith—
Love's best voice seems scarcely clearer—
His for whom I love, Death:

"Back! come back!" Ah! no returning.
None for me. "Come on!" I cry;
"See Heaven's lamps of welcome burning!
Home? There is a fairer nigh."

Ay, the wren rebuilds in summer
Her spring nest, and soft she'll sing,
Even for autumn's latest comer,
The sweet, patient songs of spring.

But those still, far hills will never
For my song their silence break;
Founts of song are dried forever—
Desolate nest do I forsake.

Desolate nest, and life defeated.
Nay my soul! nay Lord, my Lord!
Then hast said, thou sayest, "Completed,"
And I conquer by that word.

All else lost, I find the Master—
Hear Him, see Him face to face;
He hath smiled down life's disaster—
Gods, unto my Lord give place!

CHURCH AND STATE IN AMERICA.

BY JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, D.D., LL.D.

[NOTE.—Mr. Edward Miall, member for Bradford, lately introduced into Parliament a motion for the disestablishment of the Church of England; and in the debate that followed several speakers quoted the example of the United States as conclusive in favor of the separation of Church and State. Mr. Thomas Hughes, not having been able to obtain a hearing during the debate, has published in the *Spectator* a letter in which he disputes the argument from the United States, and alleges certain facts as to the state of things in this country which he regards as bearing upon the other side. Leading Nonconformists, who are discussing the question of disestablishment, having applied to me for information as to the points brought forward by Mr. Hughes, I have adopted the form of a letter to that gentleman as the most convenient mode of answering their inquiries.—J. P. T.]

TO THOMAS HUGHES, ESQ., M. P.:

Sir:—The appreciative regard which you have shown for the people of the United States gives an exceptional importance to any utterance of yours concerning their political, educational, and religious institutions. In a recent article in the *Spectator* you give "a few facts as to the state of things in the United States" in the relations of church and state, which you interpret as showing that we in this country have "failed to reach the absolute separation of things secular and things holy." Thus you would break the force of the argument from the example of force United States in favor of the complete divorce of the State and Church. With the particular question of the disestablishment of the Church of England, as raised by Mr. Miall's motion, I do not propose to meddle; but the points of American precedent and experience which you have alleged in opposition to that motion do not, as it seems to me, warrant the construction which you have put upon them, and, therefore, knowing your candor of judgment and your superiority to the mere spirit of controversy, I respectfully ask your attention to what I conceive to be the real import of the facts which you have quoted.

Applying English modes of thought and the ecclesiastical language of England to the loose newspaper report of church matters in this country, you have unconsciously confounded things which are entirely distinct. Thus, in a case of church property, you mistake the decision of a civil court upon a question of trust or contract for an interference with or a supervision over the church as a church by the civil tribunal. Now there exists in England, among the Congregationalists, a "Chapel Building Society," which gives aid toward building chapels upon the security of a "trust deed," which defines the faith and worship to be maintained by the congregation occupying the premises. If a congregation thus aided should depart from the faith or order thus prescribed, the "Chapel Building Society," or Mr. Samuel Morley, or Mr. E. Miall himself, as a principal donor, might bring a suit for the recovery of misappropriated trust funds, just as if the chapel were a hospital or school. The civil court must of necessity decide such a question; and the plaintiff could not be charged with invoking the arm of the state to enforce Congregationalism, or to establish this form of church communion as part of the law of the land. Should two parties arise within the chapel itself, each claiming to hold and use the building by virtue of the deed, the civil court might decide the question of title, without yerging in the least toward civil dictation in ecclesiastical affairs, or toward a union of church and state. The case of Mr. George H. Stuart, in Philadelphia, was analogous to this. You say "the case appears to have taken the form of a property suit"; but only in that form could the civil court have taken cognizance of it, and it did take cognizance of it in precisely the same way in which it would take cognizance of a case in which two rival boards should claim to represent an insurance or railway company under one and the same charter. The principle that here applies was laid down by the Lord Chancellor in the case of Forbes *v.* Eden, on appeal from the Court of Sessions in Scotland, decided in the House of Lords in 1867—*to wit*, "That no civil court could take cognizance of the rules of a voluntary religious society made for the regulation of its own affairs, except so far as they related to collateral questions affecting the disposal of property." This is not a State-Church principle.

The first amendment to the Constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." A judicial construction has been put upon this article, which provides that "the legislature may enact laws more effectually to enable all sects to accomplish the great objects of religion, by giving them corporate rights for the management of property," etc.—(See 6 Cranch, 43.)

Such corporate rights could only be derived from the legislature; and questions of property arising under such acts of incorporation must of necessity be decided by the civil courts. The Constitution of the State of New York in 1777 ordained (Art. 30) that "the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall forever hereafter be allowed in this state to all mankind." But, in entire consistency with this, the legislature of 1784 passed an act to enable religious denominations to appoint trustees, who should be a body corporate, for the purpose of taking care of the temporalities of their respective congregations."

Either I have misapprehended your use of the term "ecclesiastical court," in your reference to the case of the Rev. C. E. Cheney, of Chicago, or the term has misled you with regard to the constitution and powers of such a court. You say: "Such institutions (as ecclesiastical courts) are indispensable even in Illinois." But the state does not create such courts, does not provide for them in its constitution, does not prescribe by statute for the exercise of their functions, does not enforce their decisions by civil penalties, nor look to them to interpret any law of the land. The only way in which the state can take cognizance of such courts is when their decisions affect the rights of persons as citizens, or the rights of property, and an action is brought in a civil court to defend or recover such rights. In the case of Mr. Cheney the ecclesiastical court which pronounced upon him the sentence of deposition from the ministry was simply and purely a court convened by his bishop under a canon of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The State of Illinois knows nothing of such a canon nor of such a court; did nothing to create either; and, so far from "such institutions being indispensable," the state would exist in its integrity and perform all its functions though no ecclesiastical court should ever be constituted within its borders. This ecclesiastical court had no other relation to the State of Illinois than a Masonic lodge would have in enforcing its modes of discipline against a recusant member.

It should be borne in mind that many terms are retained in our law language from old English precedents which have entirely lost their original significance. Thus we have "probate" courts, or in some states the "surrogate"—terms which might suggest to you some ecclesiastical significance quite foreign to their meaning, as in use in the United States. Such courts and offices have no functions in relation to church affairs, and do not in any way represent an ecclesiastical constitution of the state.

The case of Mr. Cheney is exactly parallel to that of Mr. Forbes, just cited. In Scotland the Episcopal Church is not established; it exists, in the eye of the law, purely as a voluntary association. Mr. Forbes, minister of an Episcopal congregation at Buntisland, omitted certain portions of the Book of Common Prayer. For this ecclesiastical offense the Primus of the Episcopal Church in Scotland silenced him; and, when the case came before the House of Lords, the lord-chancellor declared that "the appellant [Forbes] had not shown that he had sustained any injury for which a civil court could give redress"; and toward the Episcopal Church in Scotland the House of Lords could only be a civil court.

Mr. Cheney applied to the civil court for an injunction restraining his bishop from the act of deposition, on the ground that this would deprive him of his right to earn his livelihood in his calling; but this application, when carried by appeal before the Supreme Court of Illinois, was denied, upon the ground that the case did not call for the interference of the court. Mr. Cheney now defies the authority of his bishop, not under cover of the civil court, but because his particular congregation stand by him in his exceptional attitude. If some of the vestry of Christ's church should bring an action before the civil tribunal upon the ground that the property in the church edifice is perverted from its stipulated uses, the court might hear and decide such a case, purely as a question of interpretation affecting the rights of property. In the suit which Mr. Cheney actually brought, neither party rested its case upon any theory of an established religion. The party of the bishop objected to any interference by the state in matters ecclesiastical; and Mr. Cheney's counsel argued that an ecclesiastical tribunal is purely a voluntary association, founded upon contract, and when such a tribunal is guilty of the infraction of public or private rights the civil courts should vindicate such rights, "as in case of the violation of other contracts." Neither party alleged any connection of Church and State, nor any principle looking toward such connection, as the ground of its appearing before a civil tribunal. The broad principle held in the United States is that "the civil tribunals possess no authority whatever to determine on ecclesiastical matters, or questions of heresy, or what is orthodox in matters of belief. The courts cannot interfere in church affairs in any manner, except to correct a misappropriation of trust property or funds."

I trust, sir, that I have now made clear the distinction between civil and ecclesiastical courts in the United States. The latter possess no civil authority whatever; the former no authority over questions of faith or ritual.

You also seem to confound the recognition of religious beliefs in some of our constitutions with the notion of an established religion. Mr. Cooley, in his treatise on "Constitutional Limitations," says: "He who shall examine with care the American constitutions will find nothing more fully or more plainly expressed than the desire of their framers to preserve and perpetuate religious liberty, and to guard against the slightest approach toward inequality of civil or political rights, based upon differences of religious belief. These constitutions have not established religious toleration merely, but religious equality." The full discussion of this point I must reserve for another letter. I am, sir, with high consideration, most truly yours.

JOS. P. THOMPSON.

NEW YORK, July 12th, 1871.

CHINESE CHRISTIANITY.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

THE *New Englander* for July has a paper which could hardly have been ad. mitted with the intention of burlesquing Christianity; but no one can read it without some confusion as to its purpose. It is a sketch of Tai-ping-wang and the Chinese rebellion of 1853—1862, by the Rev. John E. Johnson, who is either a gigantic joker on serious subjects or has as clear a conception of what constitutes Christianity and its progress in the world as Mohammed had. I am inclined to think that the Rev. John E. Johnson has "sold" the *New Englander*, and intends some deep and tremendous sarcasm; for it is hardly to be supposed that a person who has been able to pass an examination and get the title of Reverend should think that Christianity consists in a set of observances, and that it is to be propagated by fire and sword, like the religion of the Moslems. Mr. Johnson's method of spreading the religion of Christ is not novel enough to be patented; but it is expeditious, and it ought to be adopted, if Mr. Johnson's opinions are good for anything—when he is not joking.

This article opens with the statement that "few persons are aware how near the Empire of China was, within the last decade, to becoming a Christian country." If the rebellion of Tai-ping-wang had succeeded, the assertion is that Christianity would have been established in China. If this is true, our missionary societies are all at fault, and they ought to have turned their funds to the purchase of arms for the rebels, and to have sent them all the encouragement contained in the Spencer rifle and in tracts which teach the Hardee tactics. We have been simply throwing away our money in trying to persuade men to be Christians. And Mr. Johnson is justly severe upon Mr. Roberts, a Baptist missionary in China, for his want of confidence in the rebel chief, and his refusal to give more aid than he did give to the attempt to overthrow the Imperial Government, under the protection of which he was permitted to teach and worship Christ in China. The rebellion did assume great proportions; it lasted for ten years, and is not subdued yet; it gathered an army of 600,000 men; it held provinces, captured and ruled Nankin for a decade, menaced Peking, had abundant revenues, and perhaps might have become the master of the 400,000,000 of Chinamen, if the foreign nations had not interfered to stop the cruel civil war that had so long desolated the interior. If Tai-ping-wang had been able to overthrow the ancient dynasty of the Manchu Tartars, and make himself emperor, the 400,000,000 of Chinamen would at once have become Christian, by royal proclamation, and rendered obedience to the Heavenly Father, to Taiping-wang, the younger brother of Jesus, and to Yang his lieutenant, the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

I have not space here to give the sketch of the rebellion of the "God Worshipers," nor of their leader. Mr. Johnson relates the incidents of his life with a *naiveté* that would do credit to a chronicler of the second century—or, what is more likely, in a strain of sarcasm which is hardly concealed. For instance, when he says that the rebel soldiers were not to blame for their deficient knowledge of the Scriptures; for not only was their version very imperfect, but "they had not the voluminous commentaries of Lange and Oldshausen, which unfortunately had not been translated into Chinese." This explains the failure of the rebellion. What could they be expected to do without Oldshausen! Paul labored under the same disadvantage in his missionary work; and, besides, he had neither armies nor gun powder. But to be without commentaries! We always supposed that Tai-ping-wang had plenty of Oldshausen (a very different thing from and not to be mixed with Old Hyson). We should like to know what his troops *did* use for wads.

We are told that the rebel chief was born near Canton, in 1813. He spent the first seven years of his life in paddling about in a mud-hole in front of his father's house. When he was aged four, he fell into a canal and was nearly drowned; and, to prevent further accidents, his father tied a gourd to his back. This excited the ridicule of the other children, who ran after him and called him "Gourd boy! gourd boy!" Thereupon he ran home, and his father removed the gourd and laid upon his back the flat bamboo in smart strokes This was Phuh's first whipping. At the age of seven his cue was braided and tied with a bran new string, and he was sent to school in a clean pair of breeches. Mr. Johnson gives us considerable of this important detail. When Phuh was fifteen he returned from school, but continued the study of the classics; and, aspiring to literary honors, he dropped the name of Phuh, and took that of Siu-tsuen (Elegant and Perfect). He failed in gaining the honors of scholarship, but determined to marry. His father bought him a wife for twenty dollars. He then went up to Canton, to try again for honors; but failed again, and while there received a bundle of tracts from a Christian colporteur. These he carried home, and put away without reading. On his return, he was taken sick, became delirious, saw visions, was taken up to heaven, saw an "old man" (God the Father), and a "middle-aged man" (Christ), had a surgical operation performed, by which he received a new heart, and was taught that all men are born wicked. He appears to have acted like a lunatic for a long time, until the doctors finally pounded his head and restored some sense to it. But he was evidently crazy so long as he lived. After seven years more had passed, he overhauled the bundle of tracts, with a scholarly friend of his, and found therein confirmation of his visions. Thenceforth he had a mission. His creed was the Fatherhood of God, Christ acknowledged as his elder brother, the brotherhood of mankind, total depravity, baptism, and the keeping of the Sabbath. He promulgated the ten commandments and taught daily prayer. He was not long in getting a considerable following, who retired with him to the mountains, and had all property in common. As soon as he got strong enough, he began the wholesale destruction of idols, and the propagation of his religion by fire and sword. His troops were so much better soldiers than the Imperialists that they carried everything before them. He had regiments of women, who fought splendidly; but they were at length put at work on fortifications. After his first success, Phuh assumed the name of Tien-teh, or Celestial Virtue; and this he changed at length for Tai-ping-wang, King of Peace, a title that is very ludicrous for one whose whole career was fire and slaughter, wherever he was opposed. He had a good many good maxims, and a dislocated notion of the Christian religion. He abolished many ancient superstitions. He organized an army, and he insisted on baptism and the keeping of the Sabbath (on Saturday). He seized rich provinces and cities, laid duties, and enjoyed a splendid revenue; and his followers (who were at once church, state, and army) went clad in silks and satins, the plunder of their pious war. He was an able man, and may have been convinced that he was the younger brother of Christ, and commissioned to convert the Chinese with the sword. But he was more nearly a lunatic than Joe Smith, and had not so clear a notion of the Christian religion. I hardly fancy this style of Christian warfare; but, if it is true that the 400,000,000 of Chinamen would have become Christian (by proclamation) if he had succeeded, it is a pity that he was not sustained. Such a chance of making 400,000,000 of Christians by the aid of a little gunpowder may not occur again in our day. Just now the connection of the religion of Christ with the atrocities of the rebellion has prejudiced the Imperial Government and the Chinese against that religion, much to the injury and danger of the Christian missionaries; but Mr. Johnson shows us how to conquer. Let the American Board send out no more missionaries; but devote the revenues of the society to the purchase of cargoes of Spencer rifles and Oldshausen's Commentaries, for the use of the still existing followers of the suicide, Tai-ping-wang.

A LIFE IN A MIRROR.

BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

O, PRETTY Prisoner, young and sweet,
And just a little white and worn,
It makes my heart ache when I meet
Such beauty so forlorn:

To think the lilies in your grass
Must glimmer out and you not know,
That flocks of butterflies must pass
And still elude you so;

To think there is a sun by day,
A moon whose fairness fills the night;
Yet you, a captive, pine—away
From every lovely sight.

You babble much of foreign things—
How you have seen the world, perchance;
And how great generals and kings
Have asked you, once, to dance!

Your peerless face has made you dream!
For, in your life, you never was
(Though far away you sometimes seem)
Outside of your own glass!

In it you sleep, in it you wake,
In it at last your dust will be;
For Death, and only Death, can break
Your fate, and set you free!

UNHAPPY GIRLS.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

UPON a candid examination, I believe it would be found that there is more downright misery among young women, between the ages of eighteen and thirty, than among any other class of people.

So far from this being a surprising condition of things, the wonder is rather that it should be so seldom credited, so imperfectly understood, and so unwisely received by the more fortunate portions of the world.

The ordinary lot of the ordinary young woman is one of the most miserable and unnatural things in comfortably civilized life; and society will never adjust its distorted angles with any approach to proportion till some radical change is effected in it.

"You are quite right," writes a friend. "I have known women myself who have repeatedly refused to marry because they will not reproduce in the lives of their daughters the sufferings of their own early years."

A wide-eyed creature, with a smile like a wild-brier bud, and a voice like a canary's, comes peeping over your shoulder to read these words; and you lift, perhaps, your fond paternal eyes: "Unhappy girls, indeed! What will you do with *her*?" What I do with wild-briers and canaries—nothing more. You show me the joy of birds and roses—only that. I grant you the charm of a perfume and the strength of song—nothing else. Your little daughter is happy as babies and bees are happy—not otherwise. Let her hum about your declining days and coo in your fond ears. It almost seems as if bird or bee or baby would do as well. But let her be. Perhaps the world has need of her. I admit her as I admit a kitten. But it is not with her that I have to deal. She does not happen very often. More generally the kitten answers in her stead. She is not the ordinary girl.

Let me say, in passing, that a young woman who really finds in the common lot of young women genuine happiness does so in one of two ways. Either she is too frivolous to appreciate anything truer, deeper, more worthy—in other words, she does not know any better than to like it; or she gains, by means of that sheer sacrifice of self-culture and self-reliance, which is inculcated upon her as the chief end of woman, around which all the sanctities of her affections and authorities of her religion are trained to grow, the compensation which always attends the dignity of even mistaken service. She is happy by simple virtue of self-abnegation. The hight and depth, the why and wherefore, the whither and where, do not concern her. She may have wasted her life; but, having lost it, she has gained it. She may have misplaced it; but, having missed it, she has found it. In short, she is happy because she does not know that she ought not to be.

"God's sacred pity touched the grand mistake."

But yet it is not with her that I have to deal. *She* is not the ordinary girl. The ordinary girl, I repeat, is an unhappy creature.

If any man doubt this, let him try it. Let him pause in his education four years, five, six before he ought. Let him come home from the school-room with his young head half full of the love of great deeds and great men, great principles and great facts, and his young heart high with great hopes and dreams. (The smallest of us see the world so large when we step into it, like the burning face of a magnified moon, seen through a forest on an eastern hill!) Let him put away his books upon the shelf; he may quite as well. To-morrow his mother will make cake, and he shall stone the raisins. No, nor need he take them down the next day. Why, my dear sir, there is pickling on Wednesday! Will he snatch an hour to refresh his Horace? But it is washing-day. Will he secure that last review of Darwin before the magazine goes to Cousin Maria? There is nobody to set the table, my dear. Can't you just step down? Will he be off for a tramp in the woods on this wiry morning, every vein aglow and every nerve in tension for a breath of wild life to strike him through? We have the sewing-circle to-day. There are one hundred biscuit to be buttered first. Run and get your apron, please. Will he go to sea, or on a mission, make shoes, study medicine, banking, law, Gospel, trade? Will he make a million or a poem? A statue or a carpet-sweeper? Sir, your mother has been looking forward for years to the time when she should have you at home to relieve her of her care. Your father cannot spare you. Your little sisters are growing up, and need a brother's guidance. Charity begins at home—yes, and duty, and all zest, hope, dreams, aspirations; yes, and end there. Take up your cross and follow them. Is not the kitchen wide enough? Will not the sewing-room contain your grandest meanings? Can you doubt that you are meeting, in the nursery, all the high intent of life?

I repeat, let any man try it. Let him find himself in a few years' lapse a wearied, worried, stiffened thing; grown into his treadmill; rusting out in brains and wearing out in body; a patient dependent in his parents' house; a mature man, with about the rights and under most of the restrictions of a child; an unpaid housemaid; perhaps (Heaven knows!) an unthanked and unconsidered drudge. Let him understand that marriage only can relieve him from his position; and that even marriage shall be to him in the main but a continuance of the same; and that even this relief it is not in his power to lift finger to bring within his horizon. Let him appreciate as only a sensitive woman can the peculiar annoyances of a situation in which one is even supposed to be in attendance upon the pleasure of a "lover loth who lingers long." Let him find himself approaching thirty, without a dollar of his own, without prospect of future self-subsistence, or acquaintance with any trade or business which can support him, or a hope of any, to preserve his old age from wretched and unwelcome dependence. Let any man try this, I say, if he wonder why woman are not happy.

But it is said: The condition which you represent is not possible, for women have not the same tastes as men. A woman will not feel to be deprivations many customs which to a man would be galling in the extreme.

This I deny. Women have, in general, I believe, very much the same tastes with men. No woman ever failed to feel the deprivations of the life which I have depicted, except from pure pressure and warp of a long training to it and seclusion in it. A woman finds no adaptation to her "taste" in such a life but such as the prisoner found in "Picciola." Would free man have stooped to cherish a weed in the crack of a jail pavement? "Galling in the extreme?" It might be to a man. The language only struggles to express what their lot is to many women. It cannot attain unto the hight of the settled hopelessness, the outraged sensitiveness, the sense of misfit and mishap in all their fine young purposes, the fierce questioning of Heaven and despair of earth, which I have seen in the faces of thoughtful women a hundred times.

But again it is said: All laws hit hard somewhere; every beneficence inflicts some pain; no custom can be adjusted smoothly to every member of society; and, since in general the natural position and employment of women must be in their husbands' or fathers' homes, a certain amount of ill-adaptedness and discontent cannot be avoided in the interval wherein the natural limits of the two overlap. There are rough seas between girlhood and wifehood from which no pilot can inevitably secure the sailor. In the main, a woman's duties are at home; and, in general, her happiness ought to be.

This again I deny. Whatever may be said of married women (and "that," as Mill says of the aberration of moral feeling, "is too weighty a subject to be discussed parenthetically and by way of illustration"), the duties of the unmarried woman are not at home.

I do not refer now to those cases in which invalid or indigent parents require the personal presence and care of their children, except to say that such claims are no more binding upon the filial affection of a daughter than upon that of a son, and that it does not devolve one whit more upon Sarah to leave her store or studio to meet them than upon William to leave his ship or sell out his oil-wells.

Housekeeping and home-staying are no more compulsory upon the consciences and lives of women as women than shoemaking upon the moral principle of men as men. On whatever ground all girls should be housekeepers all boys should be tinsmiths or fishermen. In the nature of things, there is no more claim upon a woman to be her father's housekeeper or her brother's seamstress than to be his hostler or his bootblack. If John should remain with his mother to help about the sewing, so should she; not otherwise. If it is incumbent upon him to expend a dozen of his young years in making preserves, it may be upon her; but not otherwise. It is a selfish affection, a sickly sentimentality, and a terrible error of parental judgment which says to the young man, "Go, life is before you; cut your way; leave your mark; make for yourself an honest independence and an honored name; tax all the force, all the beauty, all the largeness of your being, that the world may help you, and you the world; no sacrifice will be too great for us to make in aiding you to this grand end; no separation too bitter; we shall watch and smile, and take our gray hairs to the grave in the joy of your success." And to the young woman: "My dear, we cannot spare you now; wait a while; wait a long while; wait a lifetime, perhaps. Give us your self—your young energies, and ingenuities, and the diversion of your brightest hours and the devotion of your gravest; your gifts and graces; your patience and smiles; your opportunities of growth and gain; your chance of usefulness or fame. Life is before *you*, too—lifting like a golden mist; your young eyes are alight with it. But turn away. Wait a while. Wait a long while. Eyes wait till the color has faded and the chill sunk down. It is not for you. It may allure you; but we know better. You may long for it; but our sheltering roof is your abiding-place. We have need of *you*."

And this brings us back. I said that the ordinary lot of the ordinary young woman is unnatural.

"If there is anything vitally important to the happiness of human beings," it has been said, "it is that they should relish their habitual pursuits."

But this is not all. Happiness is not the most natural thing in this world; nor the most important.

"Rights? Oh! yes," said an old countryman, "I won't deny but women has rights. They're human critters. I'll own they've got rights; but they ain't men's rights!"

"*They're human critters.*" We are apt to forget it. But they really are. The large abilities and disabilities, the great means and ends of life they possess in common with their kind to an extent in which the distinctions of sex are an impertinent and unimportant consideration. The pertinence and importance of these distinctions are secondary to the great family likeness of human nature. Women are made in the image of God before they are made in the image of Eve.

Now the position to which we remand young women is one contrary both to the needs and the obligations of young human nature.

The powers of self-management, self-support, and self-investment are the inherent needs of the maturing man or woman. The best and broadest use of these powers is obligatory upon them. This public opinion denies to women. Individuality is the birthright of each human soul. This society crushes out of women. "He who lets the world or his own portion of it choose his plan of life for him has no need of any other faculty than the apelike one of imitation." This exalted trait the world has "expressed to gold-leaf" in its girls. The delicate woof and lustrous coloring of that most delicate and lustrous web, the feminine conscience, have been wound about the bare bitterness of the thing till it has become a difficult matter to explain to a rational young woman that life not only allows but demands of her that she should follow her own judgment in the selection of her work, that she is mistress of her own faculties and queen of her own uses.

"I should like to be a doctor or a lawyer, to preach or to paint, to buy or sell or get gain, to have any place in the active world, any share of its definite struggles and rewards and helpfulness," cry the patient eyes of hundreds of these quiet "home-girls," whose praise is in the mouth of everybody. "But mother would not like it. I am not as happy as I wish I were. I feel as if there were a mistake about me somewhere. But father says I am doing right. I seem to myself to be stepping on tiptoe over a mine of something that I may not touch. I feel unused, untried, unsounded. But brother Edward says he cannot spare me. Like poor Charley Lamb, I 'once thought life to be something, but it has unaccountably fallen from me before its time.' But Sarah says I'm just run down, and need quinine."

This is not of nature nor of grace. It is a distortion and a wrong. In any but a woman we should not need to have it pointed out. Turn the tables. Reverse the coin. Suppose that Raphael had refused to gaze into the divine eyes of the Sistine Mary because his mother advised him not to. Or that Milton had not entered Paradise because his father thought he'd better not. Or that Mr. Field had let the Cable go, to please a first cousin, who thought he had enough to do at home.

It is often urged that young women, in the dependent and uneventful life of their mothers' homes, can find sufficient outlet for their "spare life," and effective anodyne for their discontent, in acts of charity. Heaven knows what would have become of them, my friend, if they had not made that discovery long ago! "Outlet and anod

The Independent

WITHERED ROSES.

[IN A CASKET.]

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

DEAD! and plucked but yesternight!
Better to have left them
Than of life and God's sweet light
Thus to have bereft them.

"Sorry" am I? Vain regret!
Nothing shall restore them—
Sun nor dew nor rain, nor yet
Mother-stalk that bore them.

Oh! sweet rose-buds! how they lay
Lapped in happy blisses,
Wooed by breezes of the May,
Won by June's warm kisses.

How they opened to the light
Half abashed, yet smiling;
Like a bride on bridal-night,
Maiden fear beguiling.

Cruel 'twas to pluck them so,
In their glad awaking;
Yet, and had I let them blow
Till not worth the taking,

Till—their bright leaves by the wind
Rifled, torn, and banished—
I had sought them but to find
Wish for them had vanished,

What had been their gain or mine?
Who would think of shrinking
Even to spill his heart's best wine
For the loved one's drinking?

So I fancy they were glad
When I plucked them, blessing;
Yielding all the life they had
To the soft caressing.

Lie safe, withered buds, yet sweet;
Love shall give you shielding,
Granting you requital meet
For your glad life-yielding.

Mould, nor blight, nor any ill
Here shall ever harm you;
Vern destroy nor tempest chill,
Nor rough breeze alarm you.

Lids of gold shall shut you down,
Safe from Time's rude blasting;
Fadeless in your bright renown,
Love's Life-Everlasting!

FITCHBURG, MASS.

Our Summer Stories.

MARGARET.

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

For thou hast laid the mocking band—
The Phantoms of the Past:
And here's my heart, and here's my hand,
Oh, Love, beloved at last!

THREE summers ago, on board the French steamer "Le Bosphore," from Athens to Constantinople, I noticed among the crowd that watched the fading Parthenon a young English girl, who stood a little aside, looking toward the receding shore, but with a distant gaze, as if her thoughts were fixed on her island home, rather than on the ruined glories of Greece. She was of medium hight, with a slender, graceful figure, and a face whose pure outline and delicate features were rather those of a beautiful American girl than of the robust, florid maidens of England. Her eyes were of deepest blue, and the wind of the Ægean, lifting the broad hat she wore as a shield from the sun, disclosed her abundant brown hair, simply confined with a comb, while one or two shining curls fell carelessly down her neck. Her dress was of black, finished with crape, and on her ungloved left hand was a mourning ring. Her beauty, and yet more her sadness and the languor of her attitude, enchained my attention, and I regarded her with instant sympathy.

What was my surprise to see a lady step from the throng and accost her, in whom I recognized Mrs. Reade, a genial English woman I had met the previous summer at Leamington. They talked familiarly for a few moments and then left the deck together.

Later in the day I saw Mrs. Reade in the cabin. The pleasure of renewed acquaintance was mutual, and, after recurring to the incidents of our stay at Leamington, and many inquiries for each other's welfare during the intervening year, I ventured to ask about the young lady I had noticed in the morning.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Reade, "I don't wonder at your interest. She is Miss Carrington—Margaret Carrington, of Thornly—and under my charge, she is going to Constantinople to be married."

"To be married, with that melancholy face and indifferent air? A girl like her, on the eve of wedding, ought to look like a lily in the sun. What is the matter?"

"It is a sorrowful tale; but I trust it will have a fair ending. By and by I will tell you all about it."

So that evening, on the steamer's deck, beneath the stars and the blue sky of that southern sea, I listened to her story.

We rarely have a sensation in Thornly; and it was exciting news when, two years ago last autumn, we heard that Captain Carrington's widow, Mary Lovell, was coming home with her daughter and John Ashleigh.

How well I remembered her wedding-day! She was just eighteen then, and my dearest friend, with a sweet face and a light step—as charming a girl as ever breathed English air. We were all dazzled by accomplished Captain Carrington; but, when I saw how pale Charles Ashleigh was, I wished he had never left India. Charles Ashleigh was a ward of old Mr. Carrington's, and had been for years a member of the family. There was nothing open or acknowledged about it, but we all knew he adored Mary Lovell; and, on her part, I think she had a tender affection for him that might in time have ripened into love. But he was a noble, generous fellow, and he gave her his warmest congratulations as she stood, radiant, beside her handsome lover, while her mother whispered to me that the bracelet of pearls she wore had been presented by him that morning, and was an heirloom in his family.

Captain Carrington left the next day with his bride. They had hardly sailed when an uncle of Charles Ashleigh's, a London merchant, of whom he had previously known little, wrote to him saying he was about to establish a branch house in Calcutta, and offered him a share in the business. Glad, I think, to have a change of life, he accepted the proposal, and bid good-bye, to England. He took up his new life with energy, and married a Miss Fleming, niece of his partner. Mary had several children, only one of whom lived beyond infancy—the youngest, a daughter. After a long term of service, her husband retired upon half pay, and came to Europe, seeking to repair his shattered health.

Meanwhile, I had married Mr. Reade, the rector, and my pleasant days passed with little of disturbance or variety; so that Mary's letter from Southampton was, as I said, exciting news. She told us her husband had died two months before at Kissingen; that she had little left but her widow's pension to depend upon, and longed for peace and quiet in her old home. She added: "I was surprised and delighted to meet John Ashleigh here at the hotel. Of course, you know he is Charles Ashleigh's only child, and that his father and mother both died last year. He has been trained to business; the firm is seriously embarrassed by the failure of several native merchants, and, as its trusted agent, he is on his way to London to make, if possible, some favorable arrangements. I have persuaded him to take Thornly in his way."

"They must stay with us awhile," said my husband, as I closed the letter. "There is not a Carrington or Lovell left to receive her; and it would be too lonely for her to go at once into lodgings, as she mentions." This was just what was in my own mind; so we opened our pleasantest rooms, and decked them with the choicest flowers of the garden, and went at the appointed time to the station to meet the train.

It was twenty-five years since we parted; but in England many women are still young at forty-three; and, thinking of her always as she looked on her wedding-day, I could hardly believe the pale, thin lady who stepped onto the platform and greeted me with such feeling was the smiling bride my memory pictured. But the graceful girl she called "my Margaret" was the counterpart of her former self, except that she had the darker hair and eyes of the Carringtons; and I kissed her as I had once kissed her mother. "And this is John Ashleigh," said Mary; but he needed no introduction. He was as much like his father as Margaret was like her; only that he had a more commanding figure, and a self-reliant bearing which Charles had not acquired when he left Thornly. He gave me his hand with the hearty frankness belonging to his race; and I could not help saying, "God bless you! I know you are worthy of your name." I had no children to make eras in my life; and, as we drove home together, and I looked first at Mary and then at John and Margaret, I could hardly tell whether to feel very young or very old.

John went up to London two days after, leaving us so impressed with his ability and uprightness that we did not wonder he was entrusted with business matters beyond the capacity of most young men of twenty-three. It was now the middle of October. I had resolved to keep Mary with me till the holidays were over; and he left with the promise to come down, if possible, for Christmas.

After a week's rest, Mary began to look a little more like herself. Her voice was as gentle as ever, and something of the old light came back to her eyes as we sat through the long mornings and talked of all that had happened in the years gone by. Margaret was a very sunbeam in the house, flitting in and out, singing merry songs, and tenderly devoted to her mother. Yet sometimes a shade would steal over her face; and once, at twilight, I found her alone in the library, standing by the window that looks toward Morley Lodge and weeping. But, with all her sweetness and affection, she was a reticent girl, and, pleading a little foolish melancholy, she turned away and went into the garden.

Christmas dawned with its frost and holly and blazing fires. Margaret was enchanted with everything, and even Mary was almost gay. John came down for a few days, glad to spend his first English festival in Thornly. He was full of life and energy and courage, and told us the affairs of the firm would occupy him some months longer in London—that its business must be closed, but that he hoped to save at least a remnant of his father's fortune.

"And what are your plans beyond that time?" asked my husband.

"I have none at present," he replied; "but business is pleasure to me, and I have no anxiety about the future."

"Noble John Ashleigh," I said to myself, as I regarded him; "with a heart and brain and hand like yours, you may well dismiss anxiety."

And now I began to be sure of what I had at first suspected—that he loved Margaret. His eyes kindled when she entered the room; his voice softened when he addressed her; and the second morning of his stay, when, from a slight indisposition, she did not come down as early as usual, he wandered restlessly about till she appeared. He was six years her senior, but they had met as children in India, and her manner to him was that of a sister to a brother. Happy as he seemed, however, he would not prolonghis stay beyond the time appointed; but, asking permission sometimes to write to us, he went back to his work.

Sitting alone with Mary, the evening after his departure, I told her my belief of his affection for Margaret. A faint blush rose to her cheeks, and, clasping my hand, she said with emotion: "Julia, I feel that I have not long to live, and if I could know Margaret would marry John I should die content." She then told me that at Kissingen they had met Philip Ranford, of Morley Lodge, a fashionable young man, of insinuating manners, who had paid much attention to Margaret, and even wished her to become engaged to him, with the expectation of marriage when he should return to England. "Margaret was such a child," she added, "and I was so engrossed with her father, that a result like this never occurred to me; and before I knew it he had won her heart. But I have no faith in the Ranfords. You remember how his father fell in love with every pretty face he saw. It was to be two years before Philip's coming back; and I insisted that there should be neither engagement nor correspondence, but that the matter should be left to the future to determine. They parted with vows of unchanging attachment. Margaret feels bound to him; but I have no doubt, if the truth were known, he has already forgotten her."

I did remember his father. He broke the heart of half the girls in the county; and his marriage was no bar to his fancies. Now I knew why Margaret stood weeping at the window. "God forbid," I exclaimed, "that she should ever marry a Ranford!" Mary then spoke more freely than she had ever done before of her own life; and I knew, although she did not say it, that, while she and her husband had always lived pleasantly together, yet Richard Carrington's affection was not the whole-hearted trust which Charles Ashleigh would have given to Mary Lovell.

After the holidays she established herself in a small cottage near the rectory, with a faithful woman, reared in the Carrington family, as her sole servant. Her health was feeble; but as spring came on she went out a little, delighting to visit every spot familiar to her in her girlhood. And Margaret, though cheerful and admired by all who saw her, yet shunned society, and was seldom an hour away from her mother. We had expected John to visit us at Easter. But, instead, came a letter, saying that business had made him acquainted with some Turkish officials in London; and that, owing, he supposed, to his knowledge of Oriental languages and customs (my husband said it was equally to his tact and ability), he had been offered a position in the Sultan's government at Constantinople, with an excellent salary, and had decided to accept it, and that he hoped to arrange his affairs by midsummer so as to spend a week with us before leaving

It was the end of August when he came. He was to be my guest; and, as just at sunset he walked up the garden path, I wished Margaret could see him with my eyes. At dinner he told us all about his prospects, and said he should eventually receive something from his father's estate. Then he turned to talk of Mrs. Carrington and her daughter; and it was easy to see where his thoughts centered. Through the week the weather was fine, and most of the time we were all together out of doors. Mary seemed brighter than she had done since her arrival. Margaret was, as usual, lovely and indifferent.

The days flew by. It was Sunday afternoon, and John was to go early the next morning. When we left the church, he gave Mary his arm, while Margaret walked, silent, at her mother's side; and at the cottage he entered with them. "He will try his fate to-night," I thought.

My husband was called away that evening by the illness of a parishioner. It was nine o'clock, and I was sitting in the dusk by the open window, when I saw John slowly coming up the path, and went down to meet him. He held out his hand as I approached, and said, in an agitated voice:

"Dear Mrs. Reade, will you walk round the garden with me? I want to speak to you. You must know how I love Margaret; and to-night, with her mother's approval and blessing, I have told her and asked her to be my wife. And she tells me she is plighted to another! Her mother had alluded to her acquaintance with Philip Ranford; but, after all, I believed she would love me as I do her. How can I bear it? It is of her I have thought in London. It is for her I am going to Constantinople."

"Dear John," I said, "don't despair. I feel sure Margaret will never marry Philip, nor have even the least wish to marry him when she understands him better. Her mother and I both think so; for we talked about it after you were here at Christmas, and we have faith that she will yet prefer you."

"You comfort me," he replied. "With this hope I can go forward. I shall not change; and, if the time ever comes when she can love me, I have but to know it to claim her as my bride."

We entered the house; and John went to his room, and returned with a box in his hands, from which he took an India shawl of exquisite texture, white, with a delicate gray border. "This," said he, "is the only article of my mother's wardrobe which I did not leave to her sisters in Calcutta. I can't offer it to Margaret now, and I want her mother to have it."

"But, John," said I, as I took the rich wrapping from his hands, "the future is still uncertain, and you ought to keep this for your wife."

"I shall never wed any one but Margaret," he answered; "so please give it, with my devotion, to her mother." And with fervent words of gratitude he bid me adieu. And I, replacing the shawl in the sandal-wood box, said sadly to myself: "His father's bracelet over again!"

The autumn and winter went slowly by, and Mary's health visibly declined. With June the two years expired for which Philip Ranford had asked Margaret to await his return; but he neither came nor sent her any token of remembrance, while we heard from a lady who had met him in Paris that he was the gayest of the gay. Through grief for her mother, and her own heart sorrow, Margaret looked pale and drooping. It was a weary time, and the brightest days to me were those that brought John's brave, cheerful letters. I would not leave them, and my only absence from home was the little visit to Leamington. By October Mary was so feeble that she no longer left her room, and I spent every morning with her. The tenth of the month was Margaret's nineteenth birthday, and as we sat together we naturally talked of her. "Poor child," said Mary, "she still clings to the belief that Philip cares for her; but I have no doubt he has had a score of loves since they parted."

When I went home that day I picked up the *Times*, which had just come in, and the first thing that caught my eye was the announcement of the marriage, at Paris, of Philip Ranford, of Morley Lodge, Hampshire, to the daughter of Sir William Fenhurst! I turned back to the cottage, found Mary and Margaret alone, and with mingled fear and gladness told the news. Margaret burst into tears and left the room. "God be praised!" said Mary; "all may yet be as I wish." An hour went by, and Margaret did not return. I began to be alarmed, and was about to go in search of her, when she opened the door, with calm resolve in her face, and, approaching her mother, threw her arms about her neck and, kissing her, said: "*It is all over now, Mamma. I will marry John.*"

In November gentle Mary Lovell breathed her last, and Margaret came to live with me. Oh, how full of tender sympathy and rapturous joy was John's letter in reply to hers telling him of her bereavement and her marriage decision! "Stay with Mrs. Reade till spring, my darling, and then I will come to claim you," he wrote. But I knew it would be almost impossible for him to be absent from his post for so many weeks. My husband and I had long planned an Eastern tour, and we proposed to him that we should go, and take Margaret with us. He left it to her to decide. She consented; and to-morrow we shall be in Constantinople. She is still sad and listless; but I have no fears for the result. All regrets and anxieties must vanish before John's perfect love.

A strong sirocco forced the steamer to take refuge for some hours in a sheltered cove, and it was not till dawn of the third day that we passed the Dardanelles and saw Stamboul, fairy-like, glorious, rise from the embracing sea. For weeks I had anticipated this view of the Queen of the East; but so deeply did Mrs. Reade's story interest me that now my thoughts were divided between the Mosque of St. Sophia and John Ashleigh. As we neared the city, Miss Carrington came on deck, unattended. Her friends, doubtless, thought it best that she should be left alone to meet her future husband, but I, the sympathizing stranger, could not help observing her. Her dress was the same but she had exchanged her broad hat for one which allowed her fair face to be seen, undisguised, and her black neck-tie had given place to collar and cuffs of dainty broidered linen. As she stood there, slender, pale, agitated, her blue eyes dim with "unshed tears," I thought of a harebell in the wind.

Rounding Seraglio Point, we came to anchor in the Golden Horn. A fleet of caïques and larger boats encompassed the steamer, and guides, dragomans, and servants crowded on deck. Then, through the throng, I saw a tall, manly fellow, with a glowing face, cleave his way; and I knew it was John Ashleigh! He crossed to Margaret, and, clasping both her hands in his, stooped and kissed her timidly, but with a look of blissful satisfaction such as Adam might have had at first sight of Eve in Eden. Out of the confusion he led her to a quiet corner; and there they sat down, these two, to take their first look at life together.

We had to wait awhile before disembarking. I had been in my room, and returned again to the deck, when a servant entered and announced to them that all was in readiness for going ashore. What a change that half hour had made in Margaret. Her cheeks were flushed; a soft light was in her eyes; with the trust and tenderness of coming bride and wife she took her lover's arm; and, as she passed me, I saw beneath her mourning ring a circlet of shining gold!

* * * * * *

A week ago I received a letter from Mrs. Reade, and this was in it: "I am sure you remember Margaret Carrington. She was married a few days after our arrival at Constantinople, and I left her feeling that her happiness was secure. A month later John Ashleigh received six thousand pounds from Calcutta, and invested it so successfully that last year, through Mr. Reade, he bought back the old Ashleigh place, near Thornly, and put it in complete order. In May they came to England for the summer. Margaret spent yesterday with me, bringing her boy, now a year old, and christened Lovell Carrington Ashleigh—names whose blending is music to my ear. She wore the white India shawl and the bracelet that was her mother's. Philip Ranford is living a wild life on the Continent, and Margaret blesses the day that he left her free to marry John."

ON "DRAWING" AS A MINISTERIAL FINE ART.

BY REV. E. P. POWELL.

"WE want a man that can draw."
"Draw what?"
"Why, a congregation, to be sure."
"How many?"
"Oh! a good full house every Sunday. We want a man that can draw the upper class, too; for the church has run down, and must have more means. B. drew the poor and children, and some of the more godly kind; but now we must have a man that can draw the rich and rent the pews. And then we want the pews kept filled. People have a habit of staying at home a good deal."

To draw five hundred human beings every Sunday out of bed, through their morning routine of dressing, and to church, is no easy pull, especially with so much of the world on their backs.

Very well; now let us begin to draw. Did you ever think why every one not specially "called" to draw is called a "layman." Well, if you search them out about nine o'clock Sunday morning you will easily understand the appropriateness of the title. The minister is now supposed to draw like a magnet. He is the attraction that hurries these people out of bed, through a hasty breakfast and protracted dressing. Do his best, and he cannot draw them within two or three hours as early as business or pleasure. But the drawing begins to show its effect about the middle of the forenoon, and is protracted quite through the opening services and well into the sermon. It amounts to about one person out of five who ought to be in church.

The man who draws and the lay people being now face to face, it becomes his next duty to draw them up out of their worldliness, carelessness, fleshliness, into a higher and fairer life. If it needed strong points to get his audience, it needs powerful love and devotion to save them. Their business in general is not to aid him in saving others, but to be saved themselves. And when they retire, after he has tugged at every heartstring he can discover, you will hear: "I was not drawn much to that discourse. He always seems to be so anxious that he annoys me." "He might have drawn out that second division, very much to the advantage of his sermon." "Oh! what a beautiful sermon! I think he's a charming minister! I see he draws a great many young people." "Yes, they say he draws well." "I'm inclined to believe, my dear, that Mr. L. draws too much on his imagination. He was hardly sound in his view of depravity, this morning." "Ah! but he drew the picture of my heart exactly. God help me to go up to such a noble life as he pictured." "I see that Mr. L. has drawn out Judge W. and Squire O.—skeptics, if not atheists. Wonder if they are coming to the church, or the church going to them." This is an average of the drawing man's work for the year.

Perhaps you would prefer to try your hand at a prayer-meeting. If you examine the net after a hard draw of about half an hour, you will find in it two deacons (officially present, a third slipped through with "the rhematiz," being one qualification for the office), fifteen old ladies, four girls, eight boys, and ten laymen—some of the queerest fish in town. Brother B. (they are all brothers now) is a sort of flounder, never still, and whether he talks or prays giving you about the sensation that you have when a fish has flopped out on the floor and you try to pick him up. You think, if he were going to die *very* soon, you *must* wish it were right off. He manages to keep everything nervous and tangled. Brother X. is a pickerel whose special nature is to eat up everybody else. He is always in the opposition. He carries his pocket full of ballots, all ready written upon "No." But you can always fix him by moving that the resolution be *not* carried. He will vote his No all the same. He doesn't stop with picking out your motes. He has actually built a wonderful spiritual house of the beams he has picked out of his neighbors' eyes. Brother T. is a sun-fish—the sky happens to be clear to-day. Brother S. is unlike anything else but that odd fish, the hammer-head. He has a hobby, but he doesn't ride it. He is too shrewd for that, for he knows he would be thrown. He just batters with it whenever he gets a chance to give you a good clip.

You must now "draw these people out." "Deacon H., will you please to lead in prayer?" The good deacon sighs and looks solemn, sighs again, and after about one half minute kneels. Then "you will please to continue this meeting by singing 'When I can read my title clear.'" For quite a spell there is no response at all; but it soon comes right, and they make up lost time by starting two or three times at once. These naturally get into a snarl, and the more you draw the worse it is. Some of the sisters exercise themselves by jumping off from one tune on to another, until they all break down together with a smash. "There is now room for some remarks, advice, suggestions, experience." Here's the chance for Brother B., and he gives you what you called for—"remarks, advice, suggestions, experience, etc."—for about ten minutes. You would like to draw *him* to a head or a point. You think of your dentist, and your hand gives a little turn, as if you had hold of the pincers. You think of the drawing on the lean Irishman's chest—one ounce of mustard to a pound of flesh. Indeed, your thoughts are not devotional. If Brother B. is a lucky number, you think that next time you draw you'd prefer a blank. But soon one royal soul-seeker begins to talk, and you are restored; and then a glorious mother in your soul; and then your young pets kneel and prattle their love to God, and you feel sure whoso would enter the Kingdom of God must become as a little child.

But your work is only just begun after the hour is fairly used up. You must draw this meeting to a close; and Brother D. hasn't repeated his prayer yet (say 9 minutes and ½), and Brotaer G. hasn't made his remarks (say 7 minutes), and Deacon X. is just to the end of the first quarter of his prayer (say 6 minutes). You could say them all for them just as well and a good deal faster, you think; and, if they are all stereotyped, why not have them printed in large type and hung up, as you do the hymns?

Such are some of the lessons in drawing that the minister must be exercised in. You might entitle them "Easy Lessons for a Beginner"; for there are other lessons, so much more severe, soon to come.

But enough of drawing for this time. You can be sure, however, that I have drawn from life. The only difficulty will be that every minister in the land will think I have been spying through his parish. And, possibly, a good many deacons will look up at the heading of the article to see if his own minister didn't draw it, with him in view. But it is all local—a genuine parish sketch or etch, without coloring, done in ink. Only in this parish we have no longer a sign out for a man to draw. The sketch is retrospective. Rheumatism is no longer essential to a deacon; only economy comes and good grace. Brother B. has "gone over," and the prayers are simmered down, and people come to church on time.

THE LITTLE POET.

BY CHARLOTTE CORDNER.

MIDST rows of waving corn, whose tufts of bloom
So thickly nod their heads that scarcely room
Is left for wandering winds to breathe between
Their bright green ribboned leaves, that downward lean,
Now walks my poet, with a thoughtful tread,
As if by unseen angels gently led.

Bare is his little head save the bright crown
Of burnished curls, which o'er his brow droope down
In many a clustering ring, so thick and bright
That each one seems a circle of clear light
When kindled by the sun which 'tween the leaves
Sifts down its amber from the tasseled sheaves.

Bright-colored fancies fill his little brain,
Methinks, while absent, which his pretty chain
Of words reveal to me on his return,
While all a poet's fire his flushed cheeks burn
And in his blue eyes glow, as on my knee
He lays his gathered flowers, that I may see

How beautiful they are; and then he asks
Questions to answer it my poor brain tasks—
So wise are they, for scarcely six years old.
Is this young poet, cosset of my fold,
Whose songs methinks will sound in after years
A poet's loftiest strain, in smiles and tears.

THE SUMMER FACE OF SARATOGA.

BY THEO. L. CUYLER, D.D.

DR. STRONG'S INSTITUTE, } July 13th, 1871. }

"WHY did you never tell me that Saratoga is so *beautiful*?" said a lady here today, who is on her first visit. "I always supposed it had no attractions but its springs." So many others suppose; and come here to find themselves in one of the most tasteful of villages, containing the most exquisite of the smaller *parks* in America. For its size, Congress Park is unsurpassed. The amphitheater of greensward on its eastern side is perfect, and its variety of trees includes a few gigantic pines, which have been conspicuous landmarks to a million of visitors. For twenty-two summers I have trod its graveled walks and sauntered under its fragrant hemlocks. I have seen the erection of every one of the present churchedifices and nearly all of the hotels. This is my summer *home*.

An unusual degree of improvement has marked the past year. Instead of the detestable dog-kennel of a depot, the railway company welcome new-comers in a new station-house, worthy of Saratoga. An imposing town-hall is going up on the lot once occupied by the old Pavilion Hotel. The site of the "Columbian"—burned in 1866—is being covered with fine stores. In fact, Saratoga owes its fame to its *waters*; but its beauty to its *fires*. A series of conflagrations have burned out its unsightly rubbish, which have been replaced by goodly structures. Have we not seen a similar process of improvement in national and individual character by the agency of "fiery trials"? The civil conflagration of 1861 burned out the old rookery of chattel slavery, and gave us the first true Temple of Freedom that ever stood on American soil. Out of the devastating flames of financial ruin have issued the true gold of graces "well refined." Some of our churches might be improved by being burned over. There is a great heap of "wood, hay, and stubble" that needs to be got out of the way. More churches are in danger of dying from riches than from poverty. I always feel like taking off my hat to those rare Christians whose graces grow with the growth of their incomes.

While speaking of the improvements here, let me note that a coat of paint has made Congress Hall the most agreeable hotel to the *eye*. When it and the gigantic "Grand Union," opposite, are in full blaze of illumination at night, the glitter reminds one of Paris in its bygone splendors. Our Methodist brethren are rearing a large Gothic structure on Washington street. Just now they are worshiping in tents and groves at a monster camp-meeting, a few miles off. I love my Methodist friends well enough to hint to them that, when they have got through with their devotional services at "Round Lake," "Martha's Vineyard," and elsewhere, they had better appoint a strong commission of Christian laymen (of various denominations) to go into their *Book Concern* and make a thorough examination of its affairs to the "uttermost farthing." If everything is *right* there, they owe it to themselves to establish the fact; if anything is *wrong*, they owe it to our common Evangelical Christianity to "purge it away." Methodism is to-day the largest of our Protestant bodies. It is managing the largest of religious publication-houses in the metropolis of the land. Methodism has preached the pure Gospel of Calvary nobly and with mighty unction. Now let her preach to the business men of the nation this much-needed gospel also—that *there is only one way to do business, and that is the right way.* The eyes of the world and of sister churches are upon them. They are a city on a very high hill. If they fail to institute the most thorough and searching investigation into the affairs of their colossal Book Room, they will inflict a damaging blow on all the religious charities of the land, and a blow to themselves from which they will not soon recover. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend"; and I have said enough cordial words for Methodism, in my humble way, to be entitled to a candid hearing when I whisper kindly a truth that their enemies will be fast to "proclaim on the house-tops."

One more improvement I must note at Saratoga. Mine host, Dr. Strong, has been enlarging his establishment by the erection of a fine wing, with new dining-hall and dormitories. On the second floor he has constructed the finest suite of Turkish baths and Russian and Electric baths that I have ever seen. It there is any "native depravity" left in a man's body after he has drank a few dozen glasses of "Star" water or "Hathorn" water, and been well sweated and kneaded on Dr. Strong's marble bath-tables, then he must have a great "superfluity of naughtiness." The spring water inside and the Turkish bath outside ought to get the "old Adam," physically, pretty well out of a man. We have a large and pleasant company of guests here. Yesterday the burly form and the shaggy "pow" of Rev. Dr. Ormiston, of N. Y., were seated opposite me at our table. He is the strongest Scotchman to-day in our American pulpit. Ministers are beginning to drop in for their summer recruitings. Those of us who have left good substitutes in our pulpits enjoy the brief respite all the more. When Christ's disciples had been so busy that they "were scarcely able to eat," their Master kindly and considerately told them to "go apart into a desert (secluded) place and *rest awhile*."

There is seclusion even here—in quiet wood-walks and groves and by-streets. There are delicious springs that have more healing in them than Bethesda's Pool. No one need be disturbed by the "Vanity Fair" of ball-room or race-course who gives a "wide berth" to all such follies. But for a fortnight, at least, every minister who needs it should come hither. If he cannot afford the cost, then his people ought to show him enough greenbacks to enable him to see the summer face of Saratoga.

Art and Artists.

THE COPLEY GALLERY,

AT THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM.

WHEN Daniel Webster called upon the world to look at Massachusetts, and mentioned Concord and Lexington, Faneuil Hall and Bunker Hill, as peculiar and indestructible memorials of her history, he did not say anything of Copley's portraits, which are quite as peculiar a Massachusetts institution. Perhaps we might say they are a Boston institution, for it was in Boston that they began, and there they still have their most perfect illustration; for Copley was born and learned his art in Boston, painted there for nearly twenty years, and those of his portraits which will be longest remembered are either in Boston or its immediate vicinity. It is true he painted much in England—and some better pictures than he ever painted in Boston; but wherein they were better as works of art therein they were less characteristic of the artist and his special mission, which was to reproduce for New England, to all succeeding time, the men and women, the features and the costume, of her most brilliant historical period—that of the Revolution. He has done for the men of our New England Revolution what a greater painter, though by no means a better portrayer, of men and women—Vandyke—did for the men of the English Revolution of 1640; and, like Vandyke, he painted more on the aristocratic than the popular side. Yet it is to Copley that we owe our best portraits of the Adamses, of Hancock and Warren, as well as those splendid Tories, of both sexes, who did what they could to resist the inevitable, and keep America tied forever to the apron-string of the mother country. It is a great pity that, when Washington first visited Boston, in 1756, he had not time to sit to Copley for his picture, and that when he came again, in 1775, Copley had gone to Europe; for what a portrait of our stately hero would the Boston Vandyke have given us! Not the muster-day general that Trumbull has depicted, or the patriot in his sober age whom Stuart painted with matchless fidelity; but the vigorous, graceful Virginia gentleman, such as captivated the heart of the young widow, Martha Custis—the American Arthur,

"From spur to plume a star of tournament,"

and yet, withal, even then meditating those things which he afterward achieved, so that men and women, like Guinevere,

"Glanced at him, thought him cold,
High, self-contained and passionless; not like him
Sir Lancelot. . . . And these two
Were biggest nobly-mannered men of all;
For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind."

Copley was a painter of graceful manners; and it is, perhaps, most commonly thought that he subordinated character to costume and attitude in his portraits. But no one can look at the thirty or forty portraits of his now collected in the Boston Athenæum without seeing at once that this is a mistake. Among them is almost every variety of age, character, and costume; and the most characteristic pictures are those on the plainest dress and most simple attitudes. Two of these pictures—the three-fourths length of Colonel Sargent, and the sitting figure of good old Madame Gill—are masterpieces of portraiture, such as no artist, old or new, would be ashamed to own as his work; yet these are both painted in grave colors, without ostentation in the attitudes, and with tones of that mannism of refinement that is often ascribed to Copley as a fault. Both are commonplace faces, at an age when the shows of this world no longer fascinate, and when years have brought the philosophic mind. Both were painted before Copley was twenty-eight years old, and when his fancy, if ever, would have delighted in brilliancy and striking effects. Yet so entirely has he entered into the character of his subjects that the spectator is ready to affirm, without the least hesitation, that these worthy old Bostonians, on the downhill of life, looked exactly to the vivacious young painter as they now look to us from his canvas, which is more than a hundred years old. Or take the three Beale portraits, painted in England, twenty years later than that of Epes Sargent—a father, mother, and child of six years—in modest colors and the utmost simplicity, verging on stiffness of attitude, yet as lifelike and effective as any of the brocaded dames or satin-waistcoated gentry in the gallery.

Directly across the room from the small portraits of Captain and Mrs. Beale hang three family portraits that prove Copley's claim to be a humorist as well as a true and conscientious character painter. They are huge pictures of a self-important bourgeois family. Dr. John Clarke, his wife, Elizabeth Braeme Clarke, and their topping and magnificent son, a gigantic youth of five and twenty, perhaps, who hangs between and above them—at the very top of the room, too, for the human eyeball could not endure his splendor at any shorter range. Dr. Clarke was a descendant of Dr. John Clarke, of Newbury, (the first regularly educated physician who lived in New England, and the ancestor of six generations of John Clarkes, all regular physicians); his wife, the stout woman here painted, was a granddaughter of old Ben. Braeme, the Boston cooper. Both are heavy, solid persons, such as Holbein used to paint in Henry VIII's reign. But sweet William, their son, has blossomed forth into a Boston buck of the tallest kind; he stands in his fine waistcoat, cravat, and ruffles, to all appearance a hundred feet high, with leg advanced, hand on hip, and that inimitable smile of complacent emptiness on his big face that provokes the spectator to stick pins in his great calf, or in some other sudden way change his gayety to grief. The background of sky and clouds is so badly drawn—purposely, we doubt not—as to make the sublime head of this dandy of 1765 come between the upper and the lower strata of cloud, about where the peak of Chimborazo comes in a painting of that mountain. There is nothing so comical in the whole Athenæum Gallery as these three-formed Clarkes.

A word about the artist's life and character. He was the son of Richard Copley, an Irish tobacconist, who settled in Boston a century and a half ago, and married (also in Ireland, apparently) Mary Singleton, (not Sarah, as Burke says), the daughter of John Singleton, an Irish gentleman, whose male descendants now live at Quinville Abbey, in County Clare. The painter was an only child, probably, and was named John Singleton Copley for his grandfather, which name he gave to his son, afterward Lord Lyndhurst. Richard Copley died when his boy, who was born July 3d, 1737, was but a few years old; and his widow, before 1748, had married Peter Pelham, a skillful engraver, and carried on her former husband's business of tobacco-selling, near the old State House in Boston, where, in 1770, she saw the Boston Massacre. Pelham taught his step-son what he knew of art; and the lad engraved a tolerable head when he was fifteen, and at seventeen was a professional portrait-painter. From 1755 to 1774 he painted in Boston with great diligence, though very slowly, and produced hundreds of portraits. In 1760, before the Royal Academy was established, he sent a small picture to London, which was exhibited in an artists' gallery in April of that year, and attracted some attention. An early copy of this picture—"The Boy and Squirrel"—is in the Athenæum collection, and is among the best painted of all the Copleys there. In 1774 he went to Italy to study; in 1776 to England, where he lived ever after, and where he died in 1815. His mother died in Boston, in 1789; and his oldest daughter, Mrs. Gardiner Greene, died in the same city, in 1865, at the age of 94. Her portrait as a slender girl is one of the attractions of the Athenæum collection. She is painted in the same picture with her brother, Lord Lyndhurst, and her sister Mary, who died in London, in 1868. This picture—"The Red-Cross Knight"—borrows its subject from Spenser, and illustrates one of the many pleasing traits of Copley's character—his love of poetry. Milton was his favorite author, we are told; and one of his famous historical pieces, now in Boston—"Charles I Demanding the Arrest of the Five Members"—belongs to Milton's epoch in its subject. He was generous—rather magnificent, in fact—in his tastes and habits of life; but as a painter, said West, his contemporary, the most tedious in the world. In one of his Boston portraits he occupied sixteen sittings of six hours each, and he was in the habit of matching with a palette-knife each tint of the face he was painting. According to tradition, he was once employed to paint a family group. Before it was finished the wife died, the husband married again, and the first wife went into the upper part of the canvas as an angel, while the second took her place below. But before the piece was done the second wife also died, and went up beside her predecessor, while a third came in as a companion of the irresistible husband. In time the picture was finished; but afterward the third wife had both of her predecessors obliterated. Mr. Tuckerman thinks this legend is a satire on Copley's slow manner of painting.

Music.

A SPANISH baritone, Señor Mendioroz, has just made a highly successful *debut* in "Rigoletto," at Drury Lane. His voice is described as a tenor-baritone, of good but not especially sympathetic quality, his style admirable, and his action remarkably fine. The French tenor, M. Capoul, seems to be firmly established as a popular London favorite; and the new soprano leggiera, Mdlle. Marie Marimon, of whom we have already spoken is apparently the chief star of the London season. At Covent Garden M. Ambroise Thomas' "Hamlet" has been revived in Italian, with M. Faure in his great part as the melancholy Dane. English critics are unanimous and enthusiastic in praise of his magnificent performance, so dramatically effective and so true to the Shakespearian spirit. Whatever success the opera enjoyed is attributed to him. When it was previously given in London, in 1869, the sole attraction was the "Ophelia" of Mdlle. Nilsson, who seems to have been but indifferently replaced this season by Mdlle. Sessi.

....M. Salvador, who was appointed by the Commune successor of Auber as principal of the Paris Conservatoire, and was shot by the Versaillists, has been described as a sort of democrat in art, the Walt Whitman of music, a rude realist, who wrote songs for the vulgar concert-hall vocclist, Thérèse. This seems to have been a mistake. He was a cultivated musician of classical tendencies, who for several years directed an Orpheon society at Algiers. He left some curious MSS. relative to the Arabian melodists, and wrote some satirical pamphlets, purporting to illustrate a new school of "democratic and social opera," of which he aspired to be the founder. These pamphlets were dedicated to Théophile Gautier, whom he pretended to regard as the typical prima donna of the democratic music of the future. Unfortunately, the satire seems to have been mistaken for earnest.

....Mario has taken leave of the stage at last, at the age of sixty-three. His farewell appearance was made at Covent Garden, on the 10th instant. The opera was "La Favorita," in which he was always great, and the sensation created by his performance is said to have been of the most extraordinary character. The charm of Signor Mario's exquisite voice vanished years ago; but, for all that, his retirement leaves a void on the lyric stage which no living tenor can fill—which no one in our time is likely to fill, for the school in which he was nurtured, like the music in which he won his first laurels, is passing away. Nature may, perhaps, produce another such rare, such perfect voice; but we do not make great artists nowadays.

....Offenbach has become so popular in London that his operas are now playing at three of the theaters.

Scientific.

THE *American Naturalist* contains the translation of a paper by E. Müller on the "application of the Darwinian theory to flowers and the insects which visit them," with valuable notes by Professor Delpino, an Italian naturalist of eminence. While flowers are visited by insects it has generally been supposed that this was chiefly for food; but it has been found by Darwin, Gray, Müller, Delpino, and others that these visits are also adv

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Ministerial Register.

SETTLEMENTS.

Baily, W. C., Bapt., ord., June, Hillsdale, Tenn.
Baily, T. L., Bapt., ord., July 18th, Marion, N. J.
Barrows, Chas., D., Cong., ord., July 13th, Lowell, Mass.
Blair, W. H., Presb., inst., June 15th, Prairie-du-Sac, Wis.
Breaker, M. J., Bapt., ord., June 23d, St. Joseph, Mo.
Chase, E. R., Presb., ord., June 20th, as an evangelist, Clyde, O.
Cross, W. H., Cong., inst., July 12th, Tomah, Wis.
Gilberts, H. B., Bapt., ord., May 5th, Newport, Ga.
Gossett, H. G., Bapt., ord., June 9th, Boyd's Church, Tenn.
Maddox, Percy, Bapt., ord., June 4th, Macedonia, Ga.
Pinkerton, Myron Winslow, Cong., ord., July 14th, missionary to South Africa, Ripon, Wis.
Pruit, Henry, Bapt., ord., June 18th., Spring Lake, Ark.
Raymond, C. H., Presb., inst., July 9th, Indianapolis.

CALLS.

Armstrong, F. A., Cong., Pleasant Hill Mo., to Oswego, Kansas. Accepts
Austin, F. D., Cong., Hammonton, N. J.
Baker, Geo. D., Presb., Oneida, N. Y., to Detroit, Mich.
Baker, J. W. H., Cong., Brewer, Me.
Baskwell, J. A., Yarmouth, Mass., to Blossburg, Pa. Accepts.
Berkely, A. S., Epis., Moore and Russell, Va.
Blair W. H., Presb., Prairie-du-Sac, Wis.
Bowe, J. M., Cumberland Presb., Taylorville, to Marrow bone, Ill.
Bowler, Stephen L., Cong., Westbrook, Me.
Brantly, W. T., D.D., Bapt., Georgia, to Baltimore. Accepts.
Bridgeman, Chester, Presb., Portland, Pa. Accepts.
Brown, W. B., Cong., Newark, N. J., to Chattanooga.
Carson, W. N., M.D., Holston, Tenn.
Chesebro, J. E., Bapt., Mansfield, O. Accepts.
Clark, W. L. S., Presb., Jackson, O., to Blue Ball, O.
Cotterell, W. P., Bapt., Holston, Tenn., to Laurel Bank, Tenn.
Cromer, A. J., Luth., Dumontville, O. Accepts.
Eaton, E. L., Cong., Lowell, Mich., to Croton, Mich.
Edwards, Jonathan, D.D., Baltimore, to First church, Peoria, Ill.
Finckel, S. G., Luth., Rhinebeck, N. Y. Accepts.
Fox, A. E., Cong., Fremont, Ill., to May-wood, Ill.
Gillam, J. C., Presb., Shreve, O., to Holmesville, O.
Griggs, Edwin, Cong., Chaplinville, to Willington, Conn. Accepts.
Grosvenor, C. P., Cong., West Woodstock, Conn. Accepts.
Harvell, A., Bapt., Bishopsville, Tenn.
Hancock, O. J., Christian, Lynn, Mass., to Manchester, N. H.
Hanley, J. P. E., Presb., Evansville, Ind.' to Indianapolis. Accepts.
Hutchinson, Geo. A., Presb., Plymouth, Ind., to Poynette, Wis. Accepts.
Jordan, Wm. V., Cong., Chapman's Creek, Kansas. Accepts.
Lutz, E. C., Cumberland Presb., Stockton, to Sebastopol, Cal.
Lincoln, T. O., D.D., Bapt., Williamsport, Pa., to Roadstown, N. J. Accepts.
Marsh, D. W., Presb., Whitney's Point, N. Y., to Owego, N. Y.
Martin, Isaac, M.D., Bridesburg, Penn. Accepts.
Nelson, W. A., Bapt., Shelbyville, Tenn., to Edgefield, Tenn.
Nyquist, J. F., Luth., Salem Swedish Lutheran church, Chicago. Accepts.
Payne, H. N., Presb., Lane Seminary, to Minneapolis.
Roe, Alfred C., Presb., Lowell, Mass., to Rochester, N. Y.
Ruster, C. A., Luth., Davenport, Iowa, to Franklin, Ill.
Silver, E. D., Bapt., Bishopsville, Tenn., to Jacksboro', Tenn.
Strode, E., Bapt., Edgefield, Tenn., to Springfield, Tenn.
Talbot, R. C., Epis., Trinity church, Lincoln, Nebraska. Accepts.
Thomson, A. L., Presb., Lane Seminary, to Mount Carmel, Ind.
Torey, C. C., Cong., Charlotte, Vt. Accepts.
Walker, J. R., Presb., Newburg and Bonair, Ind.
Wright, S. G., Cong., Barkers, Kansas. Accepts.

REMOVALS.

Badger, Henry E., Epis., Warren, Conn.
Campbell, D. R., D.D., Second church, Steubenville, O.
Caperton, A. C., Bapt., Evansville, Ind.
Finch, F. W., Epis., Greenfield, Mass.
Garfield, E., Univ., Jefferson, Wis.
Hill, Isaac N., Bapt., Jerseyville, Ill.
Kramer, K. W., Luth., New York City.
Lankenau, M. L., Luth., Nokomis, Ill.
Knauss, Francis, Moravian, Moravia, Ia. Ill health.
Lyndes, G. W., Bapt., Columbus, N. J.
McDaniel, R. F., Bapt., Cuthbert, Ga.
Munson, M. A., Cong., Northfield, Minn.
Riddell, S. H., Cong., Tamworth, N. H. Ill health.
Theson, J. S., Bapt., Stockton, N. J.
Thome, J. A., Cong., Cleveland, Ohio. Ill health.
Willing, K., Bapt., Burlington, N. J.
Williams, W. H., Epis., Dixon, Ill.
Wilmer, Chas., Luth., Thompsontown, Pa.
Yale, A. J., Presb., Mineral Point, Wis.

DEATHS.

Fowble, J. W., Meth., 57, Cincinnati, July 6th.
Kallian, Jacob, Luth., Augusta Co., Va., July 5th.
Rainwater, James, Bapt., Georgia, June 24th.
Reed, R. S., Cumberland Presb., cor. sec. of Board of Missions, Salem, Ill., July 8th.
Rose, Daniel, Univ., Annapolis, Ind., July 6th.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Chapin, J. H., Univ., Boston, is elected professor of physical science in St. Lawrence University.
Coit, D.D., Concord, N. H., has been elected president of Hobart College.
Day, George T., D.D., Freewill Bapt., Dover, N. H., declines the presidency of Hillsdale College, Mich.
Edwards, Tryon, D.D., has resigned the presidency of Wilson Female College, Hagerstown, Md.
Graham, Daniel M., Boston, has been elected president of Hinsdale College, Michigan. Accepts.
Stork, Chas. A., Luth., has accepted a professorship in the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, Pa.
Titus, T. T., Luth., Hagerstown, Md., has been elected principal of Hartwick Seminary, New York.

Our Young Folks.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

ROTTEN ROW.

BY ALICE ROBBINS.

Oon't apologize, dear, for not knowing
The meaning of "Rotten Row";
It's a very famous roadway,
Where the famous people go.

Famous, that is, for riches,
Famous and noble names—
The elite, my dear, of London,
Fine men and the fairest dames.

Go to the West End of London,
Where tall palaces stand—
Though we have many that rival
Their grace in our own dear land—

And there, amid many and many
A stately block of stone,
A mighty and beautiful garden
Stands in its pride alone.

"Hyde Park," so the Londoners call it,
The noblest park in the land,
With its glorious arable acres
And its trees so ancient and grand.

Duke Wellington lived on the corner,
Just over the way, as you see,
In that famous great yellow-red palace,
As fine as a palace can be.

And earls, dukes, and duchesses many
Grace the opposite side of the park;
It's par excellen-e aristocratic,
With names that came *ante* the ark.

But the park, with its Wellington archway,
Under which vulgar cabs cannot go,
Our smart little brougham can enter,
And so, dear, beginneth the show.

There's a statue, mighty in marble,
Not far from the gateway within.
How trim the green lawns and smooth-shaven;
And hushed grows the city's wild din.

The roads wind so smoothly; and, shining
The lakes mingle silver and glass;
There are sweet, dewy flowers uprising
From velvety mounds 'mit the grass.

There are trees like brown giants uprearing
Their great, branching arms, all alight,
Drinking sunshine and dew all the morning,
And moonshine and dew all the night.

And now the grand rush is beginning,
And footmen and coronets shine;
Y.u may know "Rotten Row" in the distance
By the stately and glittering line.

There are Guardsmen, in uniforms splendid—
Captains, lieutenants, and subs;
And they sit as if grown to their horses,
And sneer as they pass by the grubs.

The grubs? Why the poor souls on foot, dear,
Who saunter the shady paths through,
And envy the gay and the wealthy,
As likely two-thirds of them do.

There are two pretty girls in blue ribbons,
In a pony-chaise, jaunty and new,
A gilt-buttoned "tiger" behind them—
A boy, dear, in uniform, too.

One handles the reins like a master,
And ruddy her cheeks like a rose;
The other sits back like a duchess,
And has such an exquisite nose!

They are *creme de la creme*, those two girls, dear,
And intimate friends of the Queen;
Are Scotch, with a high-sounding title,
And always together are seen.

Now thick come the phaetons and coaches,
Field marshals and generals old,
Fat aldermen, captains, and rectors,
And foreigners, sprinkled with gold.

And counts who are crooked and ugly,
And countesses tall and severe,
And ladies so languid and lazy,
And wizzened West Indians queer.

So, bowing, grimacing, and smiling,
Each other they pass in the Row;
You would say 'twas the end of their being
On this dashing mission to go.

Let us drive to the lake, where the white swans,
Like snow-crested gondolas glide,
And leave gaudy fashion behind us,
To swim with that glittering tide.

Here are bowers imbedded in roses,
And nooks that are sylvan and cool;
Let the proud and the noble smirk yonder,
We'll go to the daisies to school.

Here the little ones riot, God bless them,
And nurses and babies run wild;
How the grandest of Nature's fine triumphs
Are brightened and blest by a child!

Saw you ever more stately possession,
In the heart of a city so grand?—
These beeches and chesnuts and maples!
And list to the notes of the band.

Here walked the old worthies of England—
Ben Johnson, and poets, and kings,
And queens in their power and beauty,
And angels, though minus the wings.

Pope, Hogarth, and Wordsworth, and Milton—
Just fancy how strange it would seem
To meet them in old-fashioned breeches!
How 'twould make these old duchesses scream!

Well, well, I'm exceeding my paper,
And maybe your patience, dear, too.
We will leave grand Hyde Park for the present,
And to-morrow go over to Kew.

I've oceans to tell you, dear cousin,
Before I am honestly through—
Of the Sydenham Palace of Chrystal,
Of Kensington sights and the Zoo.

Now don't let your appetite falter,
I've plenty of good things in store;
So I'll sign myself yours, dear, etc.,
And next time I'll give you—some more.

THE RICHEST PRINCE.

FROM A GERMAN BALLAD.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

One summer day, four German sovereigns—the Prince of Saxony, King Louis of Bavaria, the Elector of the Rhine, and the Grand Duke of Wirtemburg—sat at table, in a stately palace hall, in the quaint old town of Worms. This was the city, by the way, in which brave old Martin Luther was put on trial, for heresy, some three hundred and fifty years ago. But it is not of Luther that I am now to tell; but of the four princes—and not much of them. They had been enjoying a right royal banquet; they had dismissed the solemn court servants; the court ladies had withdrawn; and they were sitting over their wine, with nothing to trouble them, and everything to make them merry. At last they grew rather noisy and boastful, as the best of princes and potentates used to get occasionally, in those old, half-barbarous times, before there were such things known as temperance societies, temperance lecturers, temperance tracts, and temperance hotels—all of which have such a salutary and restraining influence on our rulers and great men, keeping them sober and godly, and making them "healthy, wealthy, and wise."

The Prince of Saxony, says the legend, giving a proud glance at his heavy jeweled crown, which, as he grew warm with his wine, he had taken off his head and set down by the side of his plate, said: "My domains, gentlemen princes, are broad and rich. My mountains are full of silver, and produce so much that I have really become tired of that metal, and use only gold on my table, and for door-plates and bell-knobs and chamber candlesticks. I allow silver to be coined still for the use of my people; but I never handle it myself."

The Elector of the Rhine, holding up a splendid goblet of Bohemian glass and squinting at the sparkling Hock it contained, said: "My mountains have their sides covered with rich vineyards. Wine, wine, your highness, such as this, speaks for my happy principality, and golden grain-fields make beautiful my valleys."

King Louis of Bavaria smiled in a self-satisfied sort of a way, and put in here: "Great, prosperous cities and rich cloisters are grander treasures than silver-mines, vineyards, and grain-fields. So, may it please your highnesses, *I* claim the palm of sovereignty."

Last of all spoke the Lord of Wirtemburg—an old man, with hair and beard as white as the snow on Alpine peaks, and eyes as blue and tender as the "forget-me-nots" in Alpine valleys—and he said: "I have few cities to boast of, and no silver-mines, and no famous vineyards, and no great store of treasure and precious stones; but one rare jewel my dear land holds for me. In the deepest, darkest, dreariest wood I can lay my old head in the lap of my humblest subject and have no fear. I am absolutely safe everywhere in my domains, and at all times."

Then the Lord of Saxony, flushing up with a generous warmth, cried out in rather a blunt way for a prince: "Old Count, we yield the palm to thee; for, i' faith, thy land is rich in priceless treasures—love and loyalty!"

And all the others agreed directly; for, though they were princes, they were not lacking in sense.

GERTY'S DIME.

BY C. E. K. DAVIS.

"Ten cents for you, Dot. Buy a heap of candy and play party with Robbie."

This was what Gerty's gay Aunty said, as she tossed a bright silver dime into the little girl's white apron.

Gerty said *Thank you*, with sparkling eyes; for pennies and sweetmeats were rare luxuries to her and Robbie. And then she sat on the door-step and watched the ribbons of Aunty's hat and sash as they fluttered down the street, like gay butterflies, until they disappeared around the corner.

"Gerty!" called Mamma from the kitchen. And a pair of willing little feet tripped through the entry in answer to the summons. "Gerty, I am going to send you over to poor Miss Love with two of these nice warm muffins. She will relish them, I know, and it is about her hour for dinner."

"Is Miss Love *very* poor, Mamma?"

"Yes, my child; and sick, too."

"But she always smiles, Mamma."

"That is because God's grace dwells in her heart; and even in the midst of poverty and pain she is happy."

Gerty took the muffins, wrapped in a dainty white napkin; but her little feet moved slowly on their errand. Not be cause they were reluctant; but because, while listening to her mother's words, a question had thrust itself into Gerty's mind, like an uninvited and unwelcome guest, and she wanted to dispose of it in some way before opening Miss Love's door.

Presently she dropped the bright silver dime, until now held tightly clasped in her hand, down into the very deepest corner of her pocket, under her handkerchief and her paper-doll and slate-pencil and bit of rubber and the sample of Polly Grey's new gown; and when it was thus safely disposed of, and out of sight, the lagging feet sped nimbly along, and in three minutes Gerty stood beside Miss Love's bed, with the warm muffins and Mamma's message.

"Dear little heart! The Lord bless you!" This was what Miss Love said.

Then Gerty looked around on the poor room, and back again into the old lady's white, patient face, and wondered how she would feel to lie on that bed day after day, with the beautiful world all outside.

Miss Love guessed the unspoken question, and answered it.

"You would be just as contented and happy as I am, dear, if you had the peace of the blessed Lord in your heart."

"What makes him let you be poor and sick?" Gerty asked, almost in a whisper.

"Oh! my child, he knows what I need. He takes this way to teach me to trust him; and it is blessed teaching."

Gerty opened her eyes very wide, and her little fingers began fumbling nervously at her pocket.

"Don't you ever have any money to spend, Miss Love?"

"Well, no, dear; but the Lord feeds me every day, and I always have enough."

Here six inches of white pocket-handkerchief found their way into Gerty's fingers, and were spread out on the calico quilt.

"Don't you ever have candy or oranges to eat?"

Miss Love shook her head; and a paper doll and slate-pencil were placed over against the handkerchief.

"And don't you *never* have gibs with *sassafras* in 'em—nor—nor—*pickled limes*?"

"Not since I was a little girl like you, dear."

At this confession out came the bit of rubber and the sample of Polly Grey's new gown; and, lastly, in little fingers that hesitated no longer, the bright silver dime, that couldn't and wouldn't be kept at the bottom of Gerty's pocket another minute. And this Gerty dropped into Miss Love's poor, withered old hand.

"It is my own—*honest and true*—to do what I please with!" There was something that felt like a little lump in Gerty's throat, and she spoke very fast, lest it might choke her before she could get out of the room. "My Aunty gave it to me this—this very morning, and you must please—please buy some can—candy with it; and—Robbie and—I, we'll pl—play party—with—ap—apples!"

Then she ran home as swiftly as her dear little feet would carry her; and that afternoon, as she sat on the green grass under the old butternut tree, eating apples with Robbie, I really think she was the happiest little girl in all the town.

Pebbles.

A Frenchman gives the following account of the Temptation and Fall of Adam and Eve: Monsieur Adam, he wake up, he sees une belle demoiselle aallp in ze garden. Voila de la chance. "Bon jour, Madame Iv." Madame Iv she wake; she hole her fan before to her face. Adam put up his eye-glass to admire ze tableau. Zey make one promenade. Madame Iv, she feels hungry; she see appel on ze arbre. Serpent se promè sur l'arbre, make one walk on ze tree. "Mons. le Serpent," say Iv, "weel you not have ze bonté to peek me some appel, J'ai faim." "Certainment, madame," say ze serpent, "charmé de vous voir." "Hola, mon ami, ar-r-r-cter vous," say Adam; stop, stop, qne songen vous faire? What madness is zees, you must not peek ze appel." Ze snake, he take one pinch of snuff, he say: "Ah! Mons. Adam, do you not know zere is nossing prohebeet for ze ladies? Madame Iv, permeet me to offer you some of this fruit défendu." Iv, she make one courtesy, ze snake he fill her whole parasol wiz appel. He say: "Eritis sicut Deus. Mons. Adam he will eat ze appel, he will become like one Dieu, know ze good and ze evil; but you, madame, but you, Madame Iv, cannot become more of a goddess zan you are now." And zis finish Madame Iv.

....Prof. Dubois, whose curious experience in trying to eat corn from the small end when he first saw it on a table we recorded lately in this column, writes us from Providence, R. I., that this was not the last of his blunders. On one occasion, after paying his bill at a hotel, the landlord told him he was square. "I told him," says the Professor, "I never knew I was square before." "Good-bye," said he. "You'll be round soon?" "I thought you said I was square?" "Oh! I

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EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM CABINET OFFICERS.

From Secretary Seward.

WASHINGTON, 25 May, 1866.

I beg you to accept my thanks for the fine engraving you have sent me of Mr. Carpenter's picture, "The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation."

It is a vivid presentation of the scene, with portraits of rare fidelity to nature.

The engraver has been singularly successful in copying it, without impairing or detracting from its excellence in these points.

Faithfully yours,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

From Chief-Justice Chase (late Secretary of the Treasury).

WASHINGTON, May 1st, 1866.

I have just received the engraving of your "Emancipation Proclamation Picture." I do not see that improvement is possible.

Accept my congratulations on your complete success.

As always, your friend,
F. B. CARPENTER, Esq. S. P. CHASE.

From Secretary Stanton.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, May 22, 1866.

Accept my thanks for the artist proof of your admirable painting of "The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation before the Cabinet."

The work is, in every respect that I am capable of judging, entirely satisfactory, and worthy of national admiration as a fitting commemoration of Mr. Lincoln's great deed. Yours, truly,
EDWIN M. STANTON.

From Secretary Welles.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, May 5th, 1865.

The Engraving, I am happy to see, is amply commended. Some parts are excellent, and all well done.

Some feeling of sadness when I saw it came over me for the great and good man who so interested himself in it, and whom we all love. Very truly yours,
GIDEON WELLES

From Secretary McCulloch.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, May 3d, 1866.

The Engraving is a very elegant one. I have no doubt the picture will be generally approved and greatly admired.

I am, very truly yours,
HUGH McCULLOCH.

From Hon. Edward Bates, late Attorney-General of the United States.

The individual portraits are very life-like. Indeed, I have never seen a group of seven or eight figures all of which so truly presented the originals.

The execution seems to me excellent, and, without any opinion of mine, my dear sir, your work is a *manifest* success.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
EDWARD BATES.

From Postmaster-General Dennison.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 3d, 1866.

It gives me very great pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of the admirable engraving from your noble painting of "The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation before the Cabinet," by our late lamented President.

The approving judgment of the country of the merit of the picture, and the justness of its association with Trumbull's "Declaration of Independence," as the great national painting, which has been so universally conceded, cannot fail to commend the engraving to every truly patriotic American citizen.

Truly yours, W. DENNISON

From Secretary Harlan.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, WASHINGTON, D. C., May 7, 1866.

I take great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of Ritchie's Engraving from your beautiful painting.

Trusting, my dear sir, that you may live long to enjoy the fruits of your eminent talent, I am truly yours,
JAMES HARLAN.

From Attorney-General Speed.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, May 17, 1866.

In your great picture you have succeeded in bringing out and making the faces show their thoughts. You have not sunk the natural in the heroic, a fault so common that it must be difficult for an artist to avoid it. The naturalness of the picture makes it with me one of the grandest and most beautiful achievements of art that I have ever seen.

The engraving is admirably executed.

Truly yours, JAMES SPEED.

From Senator Fessenden, late Secretary of the Treasury.

WASHINGTON, May 17, 1866.

I have received the Engraving from your picture of "The First Reading." It is admirably done, both in points of finish and faithfulness, and I prize it highly.

Yours, truly, W. P. FESSENDEN.

From Assistant-Secretary Seward.

WASHINGTON, May 19, 1866.

GENTLEMEN:—I beg you to accept my thanks for your admirable engraving of Mr. Carpenter's "First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation."

The fidelity of its portraits enhances the historical interest derived from the subject of the picture.

It must be as gratifying to Mr. Carpenter to find his great work so accurately and beautifully reproduced as it is gratifying to others to find it in a form which permits it to be seen and appreciated everywhere throughout the world. Yours, truly,
F. W. SEWARD.

From George B. Baker, Editor of Seward's Works, and Agent of the State Department.

WASHINGTON, April 30, 1866.

I never did so love and prize a picture as I do Carpenter's, as engraved by Ritchie. How it grows on me! Everybody who knows anything of art or of the subject is as enthusiastic as I am over the picture. And I observe that the more cultivated the observers are the more they admire it. The Secretary of State and his family are among those who are least stinted in their praise of it as a perfect work of art. Sincerely yours,
GEO. E. BAKER.

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The Independent.

HENRY C. BOWEN,

EDITOR, PUBLISHER, AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, July 27th, 1871.

SHALL WE HAVE A PROTESTANT LEAGUE?

EVERY explosion in society, like that of the twelfth of July, brings to the surface some dead issue. Fanatics of a former time, to whose clamor society had long turned a deaf ear, come forth from their hiding places, and hoarsely proclaim that the trouble has all come from a neglect of their vaticinations, and that the only safeguard against future perils lies in taking their nostrums. To the violent anti-Papists among us the present is an auspicious hour. There is sweet satisfaction to the average human being in the simple words "I told you so"; and this satisfaction our "No Popery" brethren have been enjoying for the last week with scarcely any interruption. "Did we not prophecy tumult and slaughter?" they ask triumphantly; "and have they not come? You were accustomed to rail at our forebodings. Now what have you to say for yourselves?" Having thus lustily crowed over the rest of us, they are ready again with their old panacea: "Let us have a Protestant League."

There is, it must be confessed, a considerable class in our American society who look upon the Roman Catholic religion and its adherents with a superstitious terror. The old persecutions—which were cruel enough in fact, and which have been exaggerated by partial historians—fill their imagination with frightful pictures; and they often speak of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day as a tragedy certain to be repeated whenever the Papists get the power in their hands. This terror is generally abated by the increase of intelligence—the fact that the Papists have had the power in many lands for many years, without attempting any such deeds of cruelty, serving to convince most of us that, whatever their former policy may have been, they have now no purpose of attempting to extirpate heresy with the weapons of the Inquisition. The light of the century has shone upon them, in spite of the Pope's Syllabus; and they dare not defy the world's judgment by resorting to their old practices of persecution.

But there is a large class whom these latter considerations do not convince, and there is reason to fear that the traditional hatred of Romanism will be revived and intensified by occurrences like those of the twelfth of July, and that the attempt will be made to reduce this passion to the form of an organization. There are persons among us to whom "The American Cardinal" is an inspired book; and such as these are already going about with subscription papers, attempting to form a Protestant League. Sober men will, however, see abundant reason why no such movement should succeed.

In the first place, it is likely that the league would take the form of a secret organization; and secret organizations for political or religious purposes are in themselves mischievous and dangerous. Truth and justice are the ends of government; faith and love are the substance of religion; and these are light, and in them is no darkness at all. No objects are to be sought in politics or in religion which cannot better be attained openly than secretly. To seek the welfare of the state by stealth is a political solecism; to work by intrigue and indirection for religious ends contradicts the whole Gospel. If evils exist in church or in state, it is better to let in the light upon them than to conspire in darkness against them.

But, even if the proposed League were to be an open organization, there would be insuperable objections to it. As Protestants we are not called to array ourselves against Catholics. If the Papal system be an error and a delusion, the way to overcome it is not to form a league against it. The party spirit which is always rampant in an organization of this sort is not the spirit by which the conquests of truth are made. If there is a Protestant league against Romanism, that will only lead the Romanists to compact their forces, and set themselves in yet more hostile array against Protestantism. No calamity could be greater than this proclamation of belligerency. Within the pale of the Roman Catholic Church there is a large class of persons for whom intelligent Protestants have the sincerest respect and affection. Against men like Fenelon and Pascal, Darboy and John Henry Newman, we cannot afford to array ourselves; and he is a very blind bigot who does not see that such men as these exist in the Roman Catholic communion in every generation. And even those whose fraternity with Christians of other creeds is not so clearly manifested are substantially at one with us concerning the great truths of the Gospel. In respect of those doctrines which we ourselves would pronounce fundamental, there is more of agreement than of difference between our standards and those of the Roman Catholics. In the defense of supernaturalism, of the inspiration of the Bible, of the sacredness of the Family, they are fighting side by side with us. Is it not possible, by magnifying our agreements rather than our differences with them, to come to a better understanding concerning the matters wherein we are at variance?

With the better classes of Catholics we are not at variance concerning the issue which has given rise to this discussion. The Catholic newspapers of this city have done themselves no credit in the manner of their treatment of the riot. They have tried to palliate the crime of the rioters; they have applauded Hall and denounced Hoffman. But the Catholic journals of the provinces have not all spoken in this key. Braver words we have not found concerning the riot than those spoken by the *Boston Pilot*, the leading organ of the Church in this country; *The Catholic Telegraph*, of Cincinnati, Archbishop Purcell's organ; and *The Western Catholic*, of Detroit, which may be supposed to speak the sentiments of the bishop of that city. The *Telegraph* says, distinctly: "It was generally believed at first that Mayor Hall shaped his conduct to please the mob, to whose voice he should not have listened. His order, in that case, would have established a dangerous precedent. It would have appeared to sanction mob law, of which in the future those animated with the same spirit would not fail to take advantage." And the *Pilot* has this testimony: "If the Orangemen determine to parade, they have a right to parade; that is, they have as much right to parade with orange scarfs and banners as a Fenian regiment has with green scarfs and sunbursts." And the *Western Catholic*, whose courageous treatment of the question we quoted last week, goes on this week to say: "We, therefore, rejoice, even with the full knowledge of its terrible price, in Governor Hoffman's manly proclamation." And of the young Catholic member of the Ninth Regiment who committed suicide because he thought his duty to his regiment and his religion conflicted: "His duty to his religion and to his regiment were the same—namely, to turn out with his regiment, and at the command of his officers to shoot down every rioter that presented himself, as he would a mad dog. It is the first duty of every citizen of the United States, be he Catholic or Protestant, to obey the law and preserve the peace."

Upon such men as these a Protestant League would command us to make war. We respectfully decline to enlist in any such compaign. It is neither wise nor Christian to organize a crusade against Catholicism. Against ignorance, brutality, lawlessness, by whatever name they are called, under whatever banner they march, we are ready to do battle; and in this good fight we count not vainly on the help of many good men within the Catholic Church. Against all the encroachments that are made upon our civil liberties in the corrupt combinations of Democratic politicians with Romish ecclesiastics we expect to bear witness in the future, as in the past; and we hope to hear in the future, as we have heard in the past, the same testimony borne with increasing power by men in the Catholic Church who hate these corruptions as cordially as we do. But we shall not give our support to any project by which the two great households of Christian faith are arrayed against each other. It would be but the beginning of bitterness and feud, whose end no man could prophecy.

CLOWING THEIR TEETH.

THERE can be no question as to whether the Catholic clergy of New York and Brooklyn did a very commendable thing in earnestly exhorting all the members of their flocks to let the contemplated Orange procession entirely alone. The events of last year, and the formidable preparations to attack the procession this year, made it their imperative duty, as citizens and religious teachers, to do their utmost to avert the impending storm. While it was a duty, it was also the best possible policy for the reputation of Catholicism in this country. We last week gave them full credit for this service, and regret with them that it was not more successful.

As we doubt not, many of the more intelligent and better sort of Irish Catholics heeded the advice, and would have done so if there had been no interposition of the civil authorities; yet a great many Catholics, inflamed by bigotry and passion, and thirsting for the blood of Orangemen, paid no attention whatever to the counsels of their clergy. They were determined to have a fight, and continued their preparations for this purpose until informed that the procession had been forbidden by the city government. Had the procession occurred without any defense, New York City would on the 12th of July have been the scene of one of the most terrible of mob slaughters. Had not the plans of the Hibernians been very much disarranged by Superintendent Kelso's prohibition, the contest would have been far more destructive of human life. The truth is, these Irish Catholic rowdies, sufficiently numerous to make a huge mob, meant that the procession should not take place, law or no law. They were intent on this victory, either through the civil authority or against it. Highly gratified with Superintendent Kelso's order, they were quite as much angered with the proclamation which public sentiment compelled Governor Hoffman to make and carry into effect.

The procession did take place, on a small scale. The rowdies were on hand, a large number of them armed. They repeatedly fired at the military and at the Orangemen; and at length the military—whether with or without the proper order we do not care to discuss—fired at them, and shot down a few dozens of these rioters, besides killing several spectators, who had no business to be in such a place. The thing done by the military is just the thing that ought to be done in all such cases. When men arm themselves to defy law, and are hurling brickbats and firing pistol-balls at its officers, then we believe in a prompt administration of bullets. Such persons ought to be shot; they court their own death; and when they fall they simply receive their due. It is of the very first importance that rioters should understand that civil society will not hesitate to fire into their ranks, and kill every man that gets in the way of its bullets. It is a remedy of justice to the rioter and of mercy to the community.

The temper pretty generally evinced by the Catholic press in this city, and by numerous indignation meetings of Irish Catholics, since the riot, is anything but complimentary to their love of law and order. Almost without exception, they denounce Governor Hoffman for permitting the procession, and charge him with the guilt of murder in wantonly shedding Irish blood. While they commend Mayor Hall and Superintendent Kelso, they most bitterly condemn the Governor, and some of them even threaten to try this question over again another year, if an Orange procession ventures to show itself in the streets. It seems, then, that the point is not yet settled with these Irish Catholics that this is a free country for *all* the people, and that law, and not rowdyism, determines and regulates the rights of men. Whether an Orange procession shall peaceably march through the streets of New York, or be assailed by a mob, is to be decided by the views of Irish Catholics. If the procession be permitted, this is an outrage to their sensibilities; and if it be assailed by a mob, and the latter be put down by force of arms, then this is a still greater outrage.

Very well. The American people—not as Protestants, or Republicans, or Democrats, but as *citizens*—true to the principles upon which this Government is constructed, ought squarely and boldly to meet this issue without one particle of flinching. We have no special sympathy with the Orangemen or their July parade; yet, since the question is not settled with the Ribbonmen that the two classes have precisely the same rights in the streets of New York, since the Irish Catholic rowdies of the city claim the right of judgment in the premises, we are more than willing that this same question should be tried again, and tried just as many times as may be necessary to its proper settlement. If this means fighting to put down rioters and protect equal rights under law in this country, then fighting let it be. We do not shrink from such fighting any more than we do from hanging murderers. Both are awful expedients; yet they are far less awful than the law of mobs. We are quite willing that Catholics, numbering some five millions in this country, against more than thirty millions of other classes, should enjoy all their rights, vote as they please, and worship God as they please; yet, when they organize themselves into lawless bands of rioters, to deny the rights of others, then the civil authority should take the responsibility of putting down all such Catholics *et ei armis*, no matter how much blood it costs. Catholics may as well understand first as last that this is a government of law, and that if they get in its way it will crush them by the force which law employs. New York City is not the state, and certainly not the nation.

Our difficulty with Governor Hoffman does not refer to his proclamation, issued at a late moment, and at the imperative demand of public sentiment, in order to escape his own political destruction, or to what he did in ordering out the military and protecting the Orange procession; but it does refer to his *criminal* delay in not acting at an earlier period. He was in New York City on Monday, immediately preceding the Wednesday on which the riot was likely to occur; he knew the situation of things, or, if he did not, he was bound to know it; and, in the critical circumstances then existing, it was his duty to stay in New York, at once to issue his proclamation, and see to it that the public peace was preserved and the rights of the Orangemen duly protected. He did not do this; and for not doing it he deserves severe censure. His omission to act in season is the great political mistake of his life. Irish Catholics denounce him because he acted at all. The great body of the people condemn him because he did *not* act until an indignant public sentiment coerced him to the point. It looks very much as if Governor Hoffman meant to escape the responsibility of dealing with the question, if he possibly could. Not being able to do this, he has very gravely complicated his own position with the public—on the one hand offending his Irish Catholic constituency by what he did, and on the other gaining no laurels by reason of his criminal neglect to do the right thing at the right time.

We have just this closing word for the Irish Catholics of New York City, and everywhere else: That they will be very wise men if they will peaceably enjoy their own rights, mind their own business, and severely let the Orangemen alone. Civil society, while no party to the feuds that exist between different classes of Irishmen, whether Protestant or Catholic, will make itself a party to the issue the moment either class attempts to invade the rights of the other. Civil society has but one law and one set of common privileges for all the people; and, if Irish Catholics cannot accept this political regimen, then they had better leave the country.

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF THE COLLEGES.

THE colleges are an inestimable blessing to the daily press in what the London papers call the "Silly Season"—the season, to wit, in which the legislatures, national and state, are not in session, and the readers as well as editors call for a truce to politics. In this particular we are better off in this country than they are in England, where the little that is to be told of the great universities is soon said, and where no notice at all is accorded to the little Dissenting colleges, which answer to too many of our own. The supply is endless here, and might last the year round, would not the readers rebel against the overdose. In summer they do not much mind what is served out to them, and are content to have a large proportion of what novel-reading young ladies know under the name of "skip" in their daily allowance. The procession is endless. That of Banquo's descendants is as nothing to them. The "line stretches to the crack o' doom," with a vengeance. From Harvard and Yale, with their hundred graduates, down to the little sucklings, with their half dozen—we think we saw an account of one with only *three*—they all have their commencements, and alumni associations, and dinners, and baccalaureate sermons, and presidential receptions, and alas! their honorary degrees as well. We saw the other day the result of the labors of some curious inquirer as to the number of incorporated colleges in the United States. Though suffering under one or those *bad* memories—as Mr. Edmund Quincy once said of his own—"which *forget* nothing," it is not strong enough to carry the weight of that addition. But we are sure that it was something over three hundred. Think how the parchments flutter over the land, like snowflakes in the summer! How do any of us escape? Though we have always felt, with Sancho, that if it should rain miters none would ever fit our head.

We would not be understood as disparaging these complimentary testimonies, or joining in the vulgar cry against them. We have noticed that few do who have any chance of getting one, and that the administration of an honorary degree often works a marvelous change in the state of mind of the laureated as to the value of such distinctions. An honorary degree, when bestowed by a really learned body, that is chary of such favors, is a mark of recognition of study or work, of which any man may feel proud and which he may wear gracefully and gratefully. And even the multiplication of them through the lavish hand with which the laxer bodies scatter their capital letters does not affect the sterling value of the genuine article. It is now generally asked whence issued the alphabetic train that follows in the wake of a name; and its bearer is esteemed, as far as that is concerned, according to the mint in which the honor was coined.

It is a common lamentation, but none the less lamentable for that, that the capital and energy devoted to the interests of higher education should be thus frittered away by this absurd diffusion. Could all the money that is thus scattered on more than three hundred institutions, most of them gasping for breath, and none of them having any breath to spare, be concentrated on scarce one-tenth as many, how much more thorough would be the education, how much pleasanter the collegiate life, how much better rewarded and encouraged the professors, and how much would it be for the general advancement of learning and science, and so for the promotion even of the material interests of society! And it is a hopeful sign that the older colleges are now receiving increasing benefactions, and that from men outside the ranks of their graduates. It shows that the practical common sense of the American mind is gradually coming to the true conclusion that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

And this is only one of the signs that the Yankee common sense is recovering from the delusion into which it seemed to have fallen, that the highest education was a superfluity, if not a nuisance. This was in a great measure owing to the political conduct of men of the highest cultivation and greatest talent in the old pro-slavery times. If learning conducted Professor Stuart and President Lord to the conviction that slavery was a divinely appointed institution, and if the life-long legal studies of Taney and Grier resulted in the Dred Scott Decision, and if the genius of Clay taught him only that that is property which the law makes property, and the eloquence of Webster culminated in the Seventh of March Speech, it was not unnatural that common people should say, What is the use of learning, and great parts, and genius?

> "O, star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there
> To bring us back the lifeless ef despair?"

Thus learning and the highest mental cultivation fell for awhile into disrepute. Men conceived the comfortable notion that any one could evolve out of his own mere consciousness everything that was necessary to be known for public and private life. Hence the culpable indifference to the qualifications, and even the moral character, of men invested with the highest and most difficult public duties, provided they might be depended upon to vote right on the absorbing topic of the day. But blundering legislation has opened the eyes of the many, and they begin to discover, though they may not put it in this form—"*non quovis ligno fit Mercurius*"—that an orator and statesman can *not* be made out of any blockhead. A general and growing sentiment was expressed by a Boston man, bred to a handicraft, and who had made a fortune by supplying one of the commonest necessities of mag, when asked to be one of twenty to make up the sum of one hundred thousand dollars for Harvard, when he cheerfully complied, adding: "What would Boston have been without Cambridge!" It has been discovered that self-made men are usually very indifferently made, and self-educated men, with rare exceptions, not educated at all. We believe that the interests of the highest education are never to be neglected again. For all education depends for its relative progress upon that. There is no danger of common-school education falling behindhand if university education is kept up to the highest attainable mark. In these days of great fortunes there is nothing that their possessors can do more effectual for their own fame and the good of the country than to promote the cause of the highest education.

GLADSTONE'S COUP D'ETAT.

THE most arbitrary, unlooked-for, and sovereign act done for a century by a British ruler was that of the Queen, the other day, in canceling the royal warrant legalizing the purchase of commissions in the British army.

Of the absurdity of making traffic of offices of trust and power we have no doubt. Never did a British ministry present a more just measure, or one more sure to be popular with the people than the late bill abolishing purchase. None but a rich man could get an officer's commission in the army; and no poor man could rise by his merit. Such a condition of things is a disgrace to the country. Mr. Gladstone did his best to reform the abuse. But he was badgered by Disraeli, and the Tories, and the army officers; and, after getting a sadly-mutilated bill through the House of Commons, found that the Lords were in no kindly temper, and would probably defeat the greatest measure of his administration, next to the disestablishment of the Irish Church. To an ordinary mind two ways were open: either to try again at the next session, attacking the Lords with a larger majority of the Lower House; or to pack the Upper House by creating new lords favorable to his object. But Gladstone has astonished everybody by an assumption of royal prerogative. He coolly tells the Lords that it was only by royal warrant that commissions in the army were first granted, and that the Queen, at his advice, has withdrawn her warrant. Thus arbitrarily the knot was cut.

As yet we have only telegraphic reports; but we are not surprised at the excitement produced. Parliament had supposed it had the authority in the matter. It was deliberating what to do. Meanwhile the Crown unceremoniously takes the matter out of Parliament's hands and settles it. The opposition has good occasion to feel incensed.

It really seems as if Gladstone had gone back to the traditions of the House of Stuart. The whole genius of the British Government for two centuries and more has been to abridge the power of the Crown and to enlarge that of Parliament. There is no very definite line distinguishing the rights of the two; but Parliament has encroached, and the Crown has yielded, until prescriptive right has at last lodged with the former. Indeed, it was almost a surprise, even to the British people themselves, when they were told that Parliament could not disapprove of the Treaty of Washington; and some in both houses talked bitterly about it, and insisted that the Government should not sanction the treaty till Parliament had expressed its mind. Then, as now, Gladstone appeared as a champion of the rights of the Crown.

With the facts somewhat imperfectly before us, it seems as if the Premier had made a mistake. He has saved an excellent measure in a technically legal but a most unwise way. It may be temporary, but it is not farsighted policy. This is not the time to be thrusting it before the British people that the throne is anything more than a mere figment, a shadow of power, the lingering ghost of its early supremacy. Mr. Gladstone, in defense of a democratic measure, has invoked the power of the monarch against that of Parliament. By autocratic power he has secured a democratic right. The abuse had continued for years, and might have been safely left to be destroyed by methods in harmony with the genius of the British Constitution. It could not have lived more than a year or two longer, at the most. But Mr. Gladstone is impatient, and a little petulant; and, as it seems to us, has done what no Liberal should do that he might save his favorite Liberal measure from defeat. He may thereby have temporarily strengthened the Queen with the poorer classes—and, perhaps, that were his main object; but even this seems no excuse. Parliament, and not the Crown, should be the expounder of the popular will.

GLASS HOUSES.

WHO would live in one, if he could help it? And who wants to throw stones?

But who lives in anything else, nowadays? And how much better off are they who never threw a stone in their lives than the rude mob who throw them all the time!

Really, the proverb might as well be blotted out from our books and dropped from our speech. It has no longer use or meaning.

It is becoming a serious question what shall be done, or rather what *can* be done, to secure to well bred and fastidious people some show and shadow of privacy in their homes. The silly and vulgar passion of people for knowing all about their neighbors' affairs, which is bad enough while it takes shape merely in idle gossip of mouth, is something terrible when it is exalted into a regular market demand of the community, and fed by a regular market supply from all who wish to print what the community will read.

We do not know which is worse in this traffic, the buyer or the seller; we think, on the whole, the buyer. But then he is again a seller; and so there it is—wheel within wheel, cog upon cog. And, since all these sellers must earn their bread and butter, the more one searches for a fair point of attacking the evil the more he is perplexed.

The man who writes must, if he needs pay for his work, write what the man who prints will buy. The man who prints must print what the people who read will buy. Upon whom then shall we lay earnest hands? Clearly, upon the last buyer—upon him who reads. But things have come to such a pass already that to point out to the average American that it is vulgar and also unwholesome to devour with such greedy delight all sorts of details about his neighbors' business seems as hopeless and useless as to point out to the curric-eater or the whisky-drinker the bad effects of fire and strychnine upon mucous membranes. The diseased palate craves what has made it diseased—craves it more, and more, and more. In case its stomachs, Nature has a few simple intentions of her own for bringing reckless abuses to a stand still!—dyspepsia, and delirium-tremens, and so on.

But she takes no such account, apparently, of the diseased conditions of brains incident to the long use of unwholesome or poisonous intellectual food. Perhaps she never anticipated this class of excesses! And, if there were to be a precisely correlative punishment, it is to be feared it would fall more heavily on the least guilty offender. It is not hard to fancy a poor soul who, having been condemned to do reporters' duty for some years, and having been forced to dwell and dilate upon scenes and details which his very soul revolted from mentioning—it is not hard to fancy such a soul visited at last by a species of delirium-tremens, in which the speeches of men who had spoken, the gowns of women who had danced, the faces, the figures, the furniture of celebrities, should all be mixed up in a grotesque phantasmagoria of torture, before which he should writhe as helplessly and agonizingly as the poor whisky-drinker before his snakes! But it would be a cruel misvisitation of punishment. All the while the true guilty would be placidly sitting down at still further unsavory banquets, which equally helpless providers were driven to furnish!

The evil is all the harder to deal with, also, because it is like so many evils—all perhaps—only a diseased outgrowth, from a legitimate and justifiable thing. It is our duty to sympathize; it is our privilege and pleasure to admire. No man lives to himself alone; no man can; no man ought. It is right that we should know about our neighbors all which will help us to help them, to be just to them, to avoid them, if need be; in short, all which we need to know for their or our reasonable and fair advantage. It is right, also, that we should know about men who are or have been great all which can enable us to understand their greatness; to profit, to imitate, to revere; all that will help us to remember whatever is worth remembering. There is education in this; it is experience, it is history.

But how much of what is written, printed, and read to-day about the men and women of to-day comes under these heads? It is unnecessary to do more than ask the question. It is still more unnecessary to do more than ask how many of the men and women of to-day whose names have become almost as stereotyped a part of public journals as the very titles of the journals themselves have any claim to such prominence. But all these considerations seem insignificant by side of the intrinsic one of the vulgarity of the thing, and its impudent ignoring of the most sacred rights of individuals. That there are here and there weak fools who like to see their names and most trivial movements chronicled in newspapers cannot be denied. But they are few. And their silly pleasure is very small in the aggregate compared with the annoyance and pain suffered by sensitive and refined people from these merciless invasions of their privacy. No precautions can forestall them, no reticence prevent; nothing, apparently, short of dying outright can set one free. And even then it is merely leaving the torture behind, a harrowing legacy to one's friends; for tombs are even less sacred than houses. Memory, friendship, obligation—all are lost sight of in the greed of desire to make an effective sketch, a surprising revelation, a neat analysis, or perhaps an adroit implication of honor to one's self by reason of an old association with greatness. Private letters and private conversations, which may touch living hearts in a thousand sore spots, are hawked about as coolly as if they had been old clothes, left too long unredeemed in the hands of the pawnbroker! "Dead men tell no tales," says the proverb. One wishes they could! We should miss some spicy contributions to magazine and newspaper literature; and a sudden silence would fall upon some loud mouthed living.

But we despair of any cure for this evil. No ridicule, no Indignation seems to touch it. People must make the best they can of their glass houses; and, if the stones come too fast, take refuge in the cellars.

Editorial Notes.

OUR good friend, Edward Eggleston, has left us, after doing six months' excellent service as Superintending Editor of THE INDEPENDENT. Though yet scarce half through the fourth decade of life, he has made himself an enviable record in both religious and literary circles. We are sure he will not withdraw from authorship, and trust he may before long give the public such fruits of his studious hours as the world will not willingly let die.

WHEN we have so much to say on so many subjects, it hardly pays to say the same thing twice, and we, therefore, refer our readers to the eighth page for our comments on the astonishing exposure made by the *Times* of official corruption in the government of this city and county. It is enough to make any man ashamed of the metropolis in which he lives to learn that in less than two years an expenditure of over *five million dollars* was charged by these thieves to the *repairs* mainly on a single building yet in process of erection, which building, if economically constructed, ought not to cost over a million or two in all. Who believes that the tenth of this sum was expended for the purpose of *repairs*? It is pure stealing; and we heartily thank the *Times* for making the exposure. For a week these damning figures have been before the public, and Mayor Hall and the Tammany Ring have not dared to deny a single item. All their defense is that the bills were approved by a body of commissioners, and that the *Times* is angry because it had to make a suit to get its own bill of city advertising paid. Will nothing arouse our terribly apathetic American taxpayers? Are they willing to be swindled in this way? Will they meekly allow themselves to be bled, and make no resistance? Will our thrifty German fellow-citizens be content to be made catspaws by these Irish Democrats, who lord it over our city? We challenge the mayor to publish these accounts in full. Shall the public never see them?

WE have carefully read Gen. McQuade's letter in defense of Governor Hoffman; and, if we are to accept the plain face of the document as telling the whole truth, then Governor Hoffman really did not know that the Mayor intended to forbid the Orange procession. But Gen. McQuade does not say that Mr. Hoffman was not informed of the Mayor's intention, or did not know of it. He only says: "Governor Hoffman did not learn *through me* on Monday that Mayor Hall intended to suppress the Orange procession"; and Gen. McQuade would convey the impression that he did not himself learn of it. And yet he was left here by the Governor expressly to learn the facts about the riot; and he saw Kelso, who knew of the Mayor's proposed action; and Gen. Shaler, who had been expressly informed on the subject by Mayor Hall; and he afterward saw Mayor Hall himself. If all these men carefully concealed the Mayor's proposed action from the Governor's private secretary, why does not he squarely say that they did not tell him, and that he had no inkling of the matter? Gen. Shaler's letter is a shrewd one, and on the face of it exculpates the Governor of any fault, except that of carelessness and of being easily duped; but it is hard to believe that of Gov. Hoffman. The coroner's jury in the case of the slaughtered soldiers and rioters brings in a verdict which blames nobody; but the voice of the people will blame first the ruffians who composed the mob, second Mayor Hall, and third Governor Hoffman, unless, as we hope he can, he expressly confesses that he was deceived by the Mayor.

THE poor Democracy has been exceedingly unfortunate during the past month or two. By a desperate movement—for a movement-cure was all that could save the Democracy, that was dying from the cramp of being chained to fixed issues—Vallandigham attempted the Disraeli policy of throwing his conservative vote right on the absorbing topic of the day. But this bold stroke, which was to have been the salvation of the party, has proved a miserable failure. The Democratic Convention of Ohio, on Monday, immediately preceding the Wednesday on which the riot was likely to occur; he knew the situation of things, or, if he did not, he was bound to know it; and, in the critical circumstances then existing, it was his duty to stay in New York, at once to issue his proclamation, and see to it that the public peace was preserved and the rights of the Orangemen duly protected. He did not do this; and for not doing it he deserves severe censure. His omission to act in season is the great political mistake of his life. Irish Catholics denounce him because he acted at all. The great body of the people condemn him because he did *not* act until an indignant public sentiment coerced him to the point. It looks very much as if Governor Hoffman meant to escape the responsibility of dealing with the question, if he possibly could. Not being able to do this, he has very gravely complicated his own position with the public—on the one hand offending his Irish Catholic constituency by what he did, and on the other gaining no laurels by reason of his criminal neglect to do the right thing at the right time.

We have just this closing word for the Irish Catholics of New York City, and everywhere else: That they will be very wise men if they will peaceably enjoy their own rights, mind their own business, and severely let the Orangemen alone. Civil society, while no party to the feuds that exist between different classes of Irishmen, whether Protestant or Catholic, will make itself a party to the issue the moment either class attempts to invade the rights of the other. Civil society has but one law and one set of common privileges for all the people; and, if Irish Catholics cannot accept this political regimen, then they had better leave the country.

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF THE COLLEGES.

THE colleges are an inestimable blessing to the daily press in what the London papers call the "Silly Season"—the season, to wit, in which the legislatures, national and state, are not in session, and the readers as well as editors call for a truce to politics. In this particular we are better off in this country than they are in England, where the little that is to be told of the great universities is soon said, and where no notice at all is accorded to the little Dissenting colleges, which answer to too many of our own. The supply is endless here, and might last the year round, would not the readers rebel against the overdose. In summer they do not much mind what is served out to them, and are content to have a large proportion of what novel-reading young ladies know under the name of "skip" in their daily allowance. The procession is endless. That of Banquo's descendants is as nothing to them. The "line stretches to the crack o' doom," with a vengeance. From Harvard and Yale, with their hundred graduates, down to the little sucklings, with their half dozen—we think we saw an account of one with only *three*—they all have their commencements, and alumni associations, and dinners, and baccalaureate sermons, and presidential receptions, and alas! their honorary degrees as well. We saw the other day the result of the labors of some curious inquirer as to the number of incorporated colleges in the United States. Though suffering under one or those *bad* memories—as Mr. Edmund Quincy once said of his own—"which *forget* nothing," it is not strong enough to carry the weight of that addition. But we are sure that it was something over three hundred. Think how the parchments flutter over the land, like snowflakes in the summer! How do any of us escape? Though we have always felt, with Sancho, that if it should rain miters none would ever fit our head.

We would not be understood as disparaging these complimentary testimonies, or joining in the vulgar cry against them. We have noticed that few do who have any chance of getting one, and that the administration of an honorary degree often works a marvelous change in the state of mind of the laureated as to the value of such distinctions. An honorary degree, when bestowed by a really learned body, that is chary of such favors, is a mark of recognition of study or work, of which any man may feel proud and which he may wear gracefully and gratefully. And even the multiplication of them through the lavish hand with which the laxer bodies scatter their capital letters does not affect the sterling value of the genuine article. It is now generally asked whence issued the alphabetic train that follows in the wake of a name; and its bearer is esteemed, as far as that is concerned, according to the mint in which the honor was coined.

It is a common lamentation, but none the less lamentable for that, that the capital and energy devoted to the interests of higher education should be thus frittered away by this absurd diffusion. Could all the money that is thus scattered on more than three hundred institutions, most of them gasping for breath, and none of them having any breath to spare, be concentrated on scarce one-tenth as many, how much more thorough would be the education, how much pleasanter the collegiate life, how much better rewarded and encouraged the professors, and how much would it be for the general advancement of learning and science, and so for the promotion even of the material interests of society! And it is a hopeful sign that the older colleges are now receiving increasing benefactions, and that from men outside the ranks of their graduates. It shows that the practical common sense of the American mind is gradually coming to the true conclusion that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

And this is only one of the signs that the Yankee common sense is recovering from the delusion into which it seemed to have fallen, that the highest education was a superfluity, if not a nuisance. This was in a great measure owing to the political conduct of men of the highest cultivation and greatest talent in the old pro-slavery times. If learning conducted Professor Stuart and President Lord to the conviction that slavery was a divinely appointed institution, and if the life-long legal studies of Taney and Grier resulted in the Dred Scott Decision, and if the genius of Clay taught him only that that is property which the law makes property, and the eloquence of Webster culminated in the Seventh of March Speech, it was not unnatural that common people should say, What is the use of learning, and great parts, and genius?

> "O, star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there
> To bring us back the lifeless ef despair?"

Thus learning and the highest mental cultivation fell for awhile into disrepute. Men conceived the comfortable notion that any one could evolve out of his own mere consciousness everything that was necessary to be known for public and private life. Hence the culpable indifference to the qualifications, and even the moral character, of men invested with the highest and most difficult public duties, provided they might be depended upon to

The Independent

CHRISTIAN SISTERHOODS.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

IT were narrow to withhold honor from the many noble women now struggling in various ways for the advancement of womanhood, howsoever those ways may differ from one's own. I would rather be of those who overestimate the capabilities of woman, who hold even erroneous views concerning her fitness for many departments of labor, than to add even a straw's weight to her natural burdens, than to join those who (even among women) are so ready to decry all womanly effort, so eager to sneer at any woman's work because she is a woman. It is nobler to help than to hinder any creature of God. Whatever the faults of men, we would despise a man who habitually ridiculed and denounced his own sex. Can we think better of a woman who does the same thing? Can we hear a woman perpetually assert that her own sex is a little lower, feebler, meaner in every respect than it is possible for any man to be, without feeling that she outrages the primal law of loyalty in human nature!

If her eyes were so sharpened to the defects of her own kind, would it not be noble in her to use her superior sight in pointing out to them the way to do better, instead of denouncing them for their inadequacy in doing? What are we here for? To ridicule and to sneer at the humanity and sex in which we share; or to help each other as we have opportunity? To help is not to flatter. To denounce is not to amend. To discourage—by tone, or word, or deed—a human being, man or woman, in any struggle toward better things, is to do all in your little power to put back the race. It may not be possible for you to hinder; but by so much you dwarf and demean yourself. From the universal awakening of womanhood must dawn at last a higher and finer development for the entire human race. Unerring nature will adjust itself to larger and purer conditions. And woman will be no less woman than man man through all the processes of broader culture and of grander opportunity. No creature cramped and fettered can be so noble, so true to its own inherent self-hood as that same creature untrammeled, using its best faculties in the atmosphere of intellectual and spiritual freedom. If I have great faith in man as man, I can have no less in woman as woman. No opportunity of change or of progression has made man less distinctively man in his habits or pursuits. Equal opportunity, equality in the race cannot make woman less womanly. No matter what we say or do, man's work still remains man's, and woman's woman's. With here and there an exception, till our star goes out, doubtless man will remain the organizer of this world's affairs, and woman its minist rant. I say nothing against the demand for legal equality and equal opportunity; for it underlies the highest fulfillment. But in the struggle for material power let no woman forget that, after all, to the end, her supreme kingdom must be the spiritual. We constantly hear the outcry: "You men have done it; how I hate you all! Ah! were I something great! I wish I were!" Suppose that we worried half as much about being good as being great? Is it so very old-fashioned and easy to be good? Is it so very common-place and tame and "pokey" (in modern phrase) to try and do good? Alas! not many of us can rise to greatness even in goodness. To resolve is easy. But to be always absolutely noble, sincere, true, gentle, forgiving in the face of injury, arrogance, falsehood; to be patient, wise, efficient, and sunny always in little things under the wearing strain of life's daily work and care, is so difficult that any woman who resolutely sets to work to be this woman will find such a life-work before her that she will have little time and less inclination to blame men for her lack of greatness.

All educated young women cannot be lecturers, lawyers, doctors, and professors; it would be a tiresome world if they all wanted to be. The young women who have a vocation for such professions may reflect great honor upon womanhood; but the mass of young women, even of the liberally educated, have no such vocation. For this reason shall they remain idle and aimless? Shall they live vapid, petty lives, empty of everything but fashion, flirtation, and folly? Is there no blessed middle ground between a public career and private uselessness? Shall they make marriage only the one object of their existence? I am so old-fashioned, my dear sisters, I believe that the highest and most perfect "career" that can ever come to you will be to be the honored and beloved wife of the man whom you honor and love. But the beloved man does not always appear the moment he is wanted. Often, if he wanted to, he could not; and, if he could, it would not be well for you if he did. In the interim, will you so demean yourself as to spend all your time in making little perfectly transparent traps to waylay and "catch him"? Or will you bridge the fair young years which lie between you and him with the pure wisdom and sweet charities of womanhood, by which you will be so much more the perfect woman and wife when you lay your hand in his for one life journey. The vast and never completed work of Christian charity, the work which forever will remain pre-eminently woman's in every direction awaits your hands. Charity should begin at home. Alas! that it must so often end there. Only the fortunate have the wealth, the leasure, the freedom from private care which are as indispensable as benevolence and devotion to those larger works of love which, passing one's own threshold, reach out to numberless desolate heartstones, making the woman who fulfills them an angel of mercy in the world. How many young women, how many women of leisure, touched with the activity if not filled with the unrest of their century, who, if they do not cry for a career, yet bemoan their lack of special occupation, might make their memory blessed forever if they would devote but a portion of their days to such a work. Is it because the vocation of personal charity is laborious, self-denying, obscure that it is chosen by few, while the brilliant but uncertain path supposed to lead to personal renown is sought by so many? The Romish Church too long monopolized the SISTER OF CHARITY. Blessed name! One sweeter or holier was never worn by woman. And the Protestant sisterhoods which are already established in Europe and America offer at once a sanctuary and "a sphere" to the single, unoccupied, or world-tossed woman, higher and purer than the world can ever give. In England these sisterhoods have existed for ages. It is more recently that they have grown out of our more changeful and troubled life. But in New York the Sisterhood of St. Mary is composed of women of the highest culture and grace. No one is refused entrance for lack of money—the wealth of those who possess it making a common fund for all. Any one who chooses to leave the sisterhood and return to the world, to enter a home of her own, at any time, is free to do so. Is she not forever after better fitted to reign over her own home for these years consecrated to helpless and suff

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abjured Roman Catholicism, and was warmly taken up and sent to St. Augustine's College, Canterbury. In 1860 he was ordained by the Bishop (Tomlinson) of Gibraltar as his chaplain, and became an S. P. G. missionary in the Levant. While in England, he became married to an Englishwoman, the daughter of a wealthy provincial banker. It is now stated that he has lately been engaged in several commercial speculations, and that "he last week abjured Christianity altogether, and professed himself a believer in Islam."

....Bishop Coxe says this:

"As to the senseless dispute about regeneration in baptism, one word may suffice. A popular blunder makes this word equivalent to conversion and renewal; but, as we cannot alter the Bible, nor the Prayer-book, to suit every abuse of language, let us explain terms." The *Christian Witness* answers thus:

"The only criticisms that we would offer upon the above are: First, that the dispute is not altogether a senseless one; secondly, that the process by which words undergo a change of meaning is not necessarily a popular blunder; and, thirdly, that the revision of the Bible by the Committee of Convocation in England is a proof that its present translation need not be considered as stereotyped beside the Bible, and correct abuses of language, why should it be deemed irreverent or impossible to touch the Prayer-book?"

....The Secularists have now in London 18 different places where they hold weekly meetings, generally on the Sunday, but sometimes in the week, for lectures, readings, discussions, and music. These associations are under the various names of Secular and Religious Discussion Society, Secularists' Friendly Society, United Secularists' Propagandist Society, Humanitarian Open-air Lectures and Debates, International Association, Free Sunday Society, Eleusis Club, Republican Club, and Positive School Chapel. The array of names is portentous, and we trust the works correspond. For these people, to whom unbelief is so precious, must remember that their doubt must be judged, like the faith of Christians, by the fruits in which it issues.

....A letter writer from Rome tells this story in th. London *Daily News*: "As I was passing through the Piazza Colonna, six or seven foreign priests, together with some two or three ladies, were looking at the column. Two shoeblack boys accosted them, and, touching their caps, offered their services to the religious tourists. One of them drew from his pocket a sou, and, handing it to the boy, said in a loud tone of voice: 'Here, young fellow, take this and say an *Ave Maria* for the re-establishment of the temporal power.' The boy looked around and refused the money, saying: 'No, no; that would be lost time.'"

....The Salem Association of Congregational ministers more than forty years ago adopted the plan of requesting each of the churches within its bounds to send its pastor out upon one week's service every year among the destitute populations within its territory. By a standing committee these weeks of labor were arranged so that the places most in need would be served, and by this method several flourishing churches were secured. It is a plan which ought to be adopted by every congregation in New England; and none, better than almost any other method, succeed in reclaiming the waste places which are becoming too numerous in that part of the country.

....Coatesville, Pa., being an ambitious young village, determined to have a theater in its new town hall; and a manager was engaged, who advertised a theatrical season of four weeks. Whereupon the ministers of the Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist churches made a concerted attack upon theaters, on the Sunday before the day announced for the opening; and, either because the acting of the company was bad, or because the arguments of the parsons were good, (partly, perhaps, from both causes), the engagement only ran a week, and Coatesville despairs of sustaining a theater.

....A Chinese Young Men's Christian Association has been organized in San Francisco. It starts with a membership of forty Celestials. Now let the Republican and Democratic parties of that state—*arcades ambo*—hold a joint mass meeting, and solemnly proclaim against the monopoly of the religion of California by Mongolians. Is not the supply of religion in that region limited? What right has this inferior race to come in and take the bread of life out of the mouths of these pious politicians?

....The Rev. Charles Francis Bonaventure Miel, formerly a Roman Catholic priest, who had been transferred to the Diocese of Pennsylvania, by the Bishop of Illinois, was afterward formally received into the communion of the Protestant Episcopal Church, by Bishop Stevens, in accordance with the provisions of the canon governing such cases. The Abbe Miel is a gentleman who held a distinguished position in Paris, being one of the preachers in the Madeleine.

....The executive committee of the American Unitarian Association are considering the project of building a Unitarian church in Washington. A petition, asking the committee to take action in the matter, and suggesting the raising of a special fund of $50,000 for the purpose, was presented at the last regular monthly meeting by Dr. Bellows, Mr. Hale, and others. The subject was referred for further consideration.

....A Methodist church in Racine, Wis., was saddled at its completion with a debt of $20,000, which was thought to be utterly beyond the financial power of the congregation; and the despairing parishioners proposed to call it "The Church of the Holy Mortgage." But a desperate effort was made, Sunday before last, which resulted in the subscription of $24,000; so that the society is out of debt and has money in the treasury.

....There is no doubt of the fact that those universities in Germany at which is taught the old orthodox Lutheran system of theology have more students than those which affect the modern or newer *Richtung*. This shows the healthy reaction that has occurred, and any university that wishes to maintain its popularity and secure the largest number of students must go back to the theology of the Reformation.

....There are now five ministers of the Methodist Church in Utah. The church at Salt Lake City, organized May 24th, 1870, has a membership of 51; that at Corinne of 13; that at Evanston of 9. Total, 100. There are 5 Sunday-schools, with an aggregate enrolled membership of 400. Three day-schools are sustained, having 200 scholars enrolled. The value of church property is estimated at $10,000.

....In the Presbyterian church of Jeffersonville, Indiana, the envelope plan of contribution has been adopted, and has worked finely. More money is raised, and raised much more easily, than ever before. The same system has been adopted in most of the Presbyterian churches around the Falls of the Ohio, and thus far it has proved a success in every instance.

....On the occasion of the Pope's Jubilee in Turin the following placard was posted upon the walls of the city: "Thanks be to God for having accorded to Pius IX the inestimable glory during his pontificate of saving Italy one and free, with Rome for its capital!" We fear the Jesuits did not appreciate the joke.

....A visitor reports the Cadet Prayer-meeting at West Point as strong and growing. Upon a late Sabbath evening he found one-fifth of the entire corps present, and was told that the number was unusually small. Are the colored cadets permitted to attend?

....The following advertisement recently appeared in the *Record*: "A country clergyman (without family), who prefers the doctrines of grace fully, desires a temporary exchange of parish with a real brother, similarly dealt with by God."

....The Jewish Consistory in Paris have sent an address to the Chapter of the Notre Dame, condoling with them on the murder of the Archbishop. The address is signed by all the rabbis and the Baron Rothschild.

....There is a deep interest among the Jews in Germany in the investigation of the claims of Christianity, and there are attending in crowds the preaching of the Gospel in the Christian churches.

....The Cleveland Presbytery contributed $130,000 toward the Presbyterian Memorial Fund—a larger percentage than any other presbytery in the country.

....The *Dublin Mail* says there is living in Down a clergyman 100 years old. He has now been nearly sixty years incumbent of his present parish.

The Independent

CHRISTIAN SISTERHOODS.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

It were narrow to withhold honor from the many noble women now struggling in various ways for the advancement of womanhood, howsoever those ways may differ from one's own. I would rather be of those who overestimate the capabilities of woman, who hold even erroneous views concerning her fitness for many departments of labor, than to add even a straw's weight to her natural burdens, than to join those who (even among women) are so ready to decry all womanly effort, so eager to sneer at any woman's work because she is a woman. It is nobler to help than to hinder any creature of God. Whatever the faults of men, we would despise a man who habitually ridiculed and denounced his own sex. Can we think better of a woman who does the same thing? Can we hear a woman perpetually assert that her own sex is a little lower, feebler, meaner in every respect than it is possible for any man to be, without feeling that she outrages the primal law of loyalty in human nature!

If her eyes were so sharpened to the defects of her own kind, would it not be noble in her to use her superior sight in pointing out to them the way to do better, instead of denouncing them for their inadequacy in doing? What are we here for? To ridicule and to sneer at the humanity and sex in which we share; or to help each other as we have opportunity? To help is not to flatter. To denounce is not to amend. To discourage—by tone, or word, or deed—a human being, man or woman, in any struggle toward better things, is to do all in your little power to put back the race. It may not be possible for you to hinder; but by so much you dwarf and demean yourself. From the universal awakening of womanhood must dawn at last a higher and finer development for the entire human race. Unerring nature will adjust itself to larger and purer conditions. And woman will be no less woman than man man through all the processes of broader culture and of grander opportunity. No creature cramped and fettered can be so noble, so true to its own inherent selfhood as that same creature untrammeled, using its best faculties in the atmosphere of intellectual and spiritual freedom. If I have great faith in man as man, I can have no less in woman as woman. No opportunity of change or of progression has made man less distinctively man in his habits or pursuits. Equal opportunity, equality in the race cannot make woman less womanly. No matter what we say or do, man's work still remains man's, and woman's woman's. With here and there an exception, till our star goes out, doubtless man will remain the organizer of this world's affairs, and woman its minister. I say nothing against the demand for legal equality and equal opportunity; for it underlies the highest fulfillment. But in the struggle for material power let no woman forget that, after all, to the end, her supreme kingdom must be the spiritual. We constantly hear the outcry: "You men have done it; how I hate you all! Ah! were I something great! I wish I were!" Suppose that we worried half as much about being good as being great? Is it so very old-fashioned and easy to be good? Is it so very common-place and tame and "pokey" (in modern phrase) to try and do good? Alas! not many of us can rise to greatness even in goodness. To resolve is easy. But to be always absolutely noble, sincere, true, gentle, forgiving in the face of injury, arrogance, falsehood; to be patient, wise, efficient, and sunny always in little things under the wearing strain of life's daily work and care, is so difficult that any woman who resolutely sets to work to be this woman will find such a life-work before her that she will have little time and less inclination to blame men for her lack of greatness.

All educated young women cannot be lecturers, lawyers, doctors, and professors; it would be a tiresome world if they all wanted to be. The young women who have a vocation for such responsibilities and reflect great honor upon womanhood; but the mass of young women, even of the liberally educated, have no such vocation. For this reason shall they remain idle and aimless? Shall they live vapid, petty lives, empty of everything but fashion, flirtation, and folly? Is there no blessed middle ground between a public career and private uselessness? Shall they make marriage only the one object of their existence? I am so old-fashioned, my dear sisters, I believe that the highest and most perfect "career" that can ever come to you will be to be the honored and beloved wife of the man whom you honor and love. But the beloved man does not always appear the moment he is wanted. Often, if he wanted to, he could not; and, if he could, it would not be well for you if he did. In the interim, will you so demean yourself as to spend all your time in making little perfectly transparent traps to waylay and "catch him"? Or will you bridge the fair young years which lie between you and him with the pure wisdom and sweet charities of womanhood, by which you will be so much more the perfect woman and wife when you lay your hand in his for one life journey. The vast and never completed work of Christian charity, the work which forever will remain pre-eminently woman's in every direction awaits your hands. Charity should begin at home. Alas! that it must so often end there. Only the fortunate have the wealth, the leisure, the freedom from private care which are as indispensable as benevolence and devotion to those larger works of love which, passing one's own threshold, reach out to numberless desolate heart-stones, making the woman who fulfils them an angel of mercy in the world. How many young women, how many women of leisure, touched with the activity if not filled with the unrest of their century, who, if they do not feel for a career, yet bemoan their lack of special occupation, might make their memory blessed forever if they would devote but a portion of their days to such a work. Is it because the vocation of personal charity is laborious, self-denying, obscure that it is chosen by few, while the brilliant but uncertain path supposed to lead to personal renown is sought by so many? The Romish Church too long monopolized the SISTER OF CHARITY. Blessed name! One sweeter or holier was never worn by woman. And the Protestant sisterhoods which are already established in Europe and America offer at once a sanctuary and "a sphere" to the single, unoccupied, or world-tossed woman, higher and purer than the world can ever give. In England these sisterhoods have existed for ages. It is more recently that they have grown out of our more changeful and troubled life. But in New York the Sisterhood of St. Mary is composed of women of the highest culture and grace. No one is refused entrance for lack of money—the wealth of those who possess it making a common fund for all. Any one who chooses to leave the sisterhood and return to the world, to enter a home of her own, at any time, is free to do so. Is she not forever after better fitted to reign over her own home for these years consecrated to helpless and suffering childhood and infancy?

In the Child's Hospital on West Fortieth street presides "Sister Sarah," a delicate, sweet-faced woman. Here the children of the poor are cared for without money and without price.

The "House of Mercy," on the North River, a home for vicious girls, is superintended by "Sister Mary," with a corps of assistant sisters—a tender home, with its little chapel, and its wide rooms hung with pictures and garnished with flowers.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd have a house in Mulberry street, a refuge for homeless women and small children; also for women discharged from hospitals, yet too weak to work, having neither home, friends, nor money. A home fit to be kept by angels from Heaven.

The Sisterhood of the Holy Communion have a home for aged people, for young girls out of employment, and a school for young children, and a dispensary for the poor.

The Sisters of St. John, in the City of Washington, is composed almost exclusively of young ladies in the world, who voluntarily leave it in turn for a month at a time, to live in a hospital to nurse the children of the poor. I saw one, the daughter of a distinguished officer, as she emerged, last spring, worn by days and nights of watching and nursing, but with a light in her eyes which belongs to the saints. "My baby did not die," she said; "that is pay enough." And she put on once more the rich robe of the world, and went "to receive" in her father's house till her month as "Sister" should call her back again to watch and ward.

Who can say that the Sisters of St. John, even in the gay world of the capital, are not doing Christ's work?

Who will say that the life of any Christian woman, however lowly, need be aimless, or useless, or beneath "the dignity" of a being created in the likeness of God?

A TENTED TOWN.

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

SABBATH evening. I look out from my hotel window upon a canvas town. The ground descends with a gentle slope, and I have the one avenue of the place in full view. It is wide, and the white tents are arranged on either side in orderly rows. The hotel where I am stopping is the Oak Lake House. The walls are of logs, the chinks between are plastered with mud, the roof is boarded, and the walls are whitewashed; and, take it all in all, it is the finest edifice in the place. It would not be in keeping to call it by a less pretentious name, for it is the largest hotel in Oak Lake City. The Western Hotel sets a better table—so the citizens say, but it is in the heart of the city, in the very hubbub of the town, and we like quiet. Besides, the Western is altogether a canvas affair. There is the "Pioneer House"; but a glance is sufficient to show that it is second-class. So we stop in the suburbs, upon the hill overlooking the town.

But where is the town? Spread out a map of Minnesota, run your finger northwest from St. Paul two hundred miles, sixty miles beyond Ottertail Lake, stick a pin in S 13, T 139, R 42—which means station, township, and range—and you will put the point into the very center of Oak Lake City. You need not hunt for the name on any published map; for it is not there. It had a sudden growth, and is of the mushroom order. It owes its existence to two causes: because there is a big cut on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad on Section 13, and because men love whisky and the things that go with it.

It is a city of saloons. There is more than anything else. To look at the many drinking and few eating-places, one would think that the chief end of life in this town was to drink.

It is mainly a masculine city. Stalwart men live here—men of bone and muscle, young men, with brawny arms and sunburnt cheeks. They wear slouched hats and duck trowsers and blouses. Not ten men in the thousand ever drew a kid glove upon his fingers; not one of them ever was weak enough to carry a cane. They wear woolen shirts and cowhide boots. They would be ill at ease in a parlor, and would be afraid to walk upon a carpet. They are rude of speech, and when they laugh it is with a loud haw-haw-haw!

But I like to meet such men. You can build a nation—a strong nation—out of such sinew, bone, and muscle. They are frank and honest. They came from country homes. There is no affectation or conventionalism about them. They speak their minds and are unsophisticated. They drive teams, use the shovel, the pick, and spade, and are scraping the earth out of the big cut at an astonishing rate, earning a dollar and a half a day.

Because these fifteen hundred or two thousand men are here the harpies are here also—men and women whose sole aim and object is to transfer the dollar and a half to their own purses. That is the object of the whisky seller and of nearly everybody else in this tented city.

Stroll with me this calm Sabbath evening through the avenue. We shall not need to put on our go-to-meeting clothes, for there not a church within one hundred and fifty miles. The saloons are in full blast. Through every open door (and they are all open, wide open) we see the drinkers, stirring the sugar in the tumblers, or tipping their glasses, or drawing their sleeves across their mouths when they have swallowed the drink. Now they are in for a song and a double shuffle dance, winding up with an Indian war-whoop and another drink of whisky.

Adjoining the "Western Hotel" is the keno saloon. I do not know the meaning of the word. I do not understand the game, but I fully comprehend its object. It is to transfer the dollar and a half per day from the pockets of these hard-working young men to the purse of the glib-tongued fellow who walks round the room with smiline face, rubbing his hands, and saying: "Now, gentlemen, make up your cards." The gentlemen are seated at long tables, and have a large number of cards before them, on which are numerous arithmetical tables, all calculated with great nicety and care, on the principle of I win and you lose. A young man with a revolving cylinder before him, containing a number of balls, sings out: "First ball 21; second ball 47; third ball 79"; and continues it till somebody cries "keno." What it all means I do not know. I only know that this smooth-faced fellow transfers, upon an average, about fifty dollars a night from the pockets of these men to his own purse.

But the dance-house is the chief attraction. It is a large tent, pitched beneath the overspreading oaks. Its white roof and walls are aglow with lights. The entrance is wide, and the bar is set off with a great variety of bottles, with lemons placed here and there to set the mouths of the thirsty crowd whiskying. Is not the word just as legitimate as watering? More so; for whisky is the beverage of these men, and they long for it far more than for a drink of water. Five hundred men and a half-dozen women are the relative component parts of the crowd. Women! They were women once, and even now they bear the form of the female sex; but everything that is womanly faded out long ago. These can swear, drink whisky, and talk obscenely. They go through the crowd calling upon this and that young man to join them in the dance. There is as much life and animation in their movements as there would be in an automaton, and no more.

"It will cost you only fifty cents—that is, you will only have to buy a couple of drinks, one for yourself and one for me."

The young men are caught in the snare not of the fowler, but of the *fowl*. They dance and drink, and dance and drink again; and the obese fellow behind the bar, in a flaming shirt, gathers in the money of the simpletons, with a smirk of satisfaction playing round the corners of his mouth.

The revelry goes on till tired nature demands a respite, till the fellow scraping the squeaking fiddle drops his bow through sheer exhaustion—goes on without a thought of God, or Heaven, or a judgment-hour, though the heavens are blazing with the emblems of God's majesty and glory, broad sheets of lightning flaming from horizon to zenith and solid bolts descending from the clouds, and the earth is shaking with terrific thunders.

This is a picture of heathenism on the frontier. There is not a church, not a preacher nor a missionary, within one hundred and fifty miles; and yet along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad there are fully twenty thousand people. Look out from this tented city in any direction, and you will see the log cabins of the settlers dotting all the landscape. They have just come in to take possession of one of the fairest sections of the continent. Here Nature has done all in her power to make a paradise. Here are fertile lands, sunny slopes, rounded hills, magnificent swells, wide reaches of level land, where the farmers are turning the verdant sod. You behold beautiful lakes, where the sparkling waves chafe the pebbled beaches. The air is perfumed with lilies, and the landscape is bright with flowers of every hue. Settlers from all parts of the country are here. Two miles away you may see the cabins of two families from Southern Minnesota, and near by a log hut reared by a gentleman from Wisconsin. I saw the housewife, yesterday—a neat, trim, pleasant lady—frying pork and cooking fritters on the stove out of doors, while her little boy was bringing up a pail of water from a neighboring lake, and her husband was turning the furrows for next year's crop of wheat. These are go-to-meeting people. They are refined and intelligent, and are accustomed to the amenities of society. Three miles away in another direction is a family from Portland, two more from Boston; southward we shall find a half-dozen from New York. Sprinkled in here and there are Norwegians, who have taken some of the best locations. Every one hundred and sixty acres owned by the Government in this vicinity has already been pre-empted, and the people are only waiting for the opening of the railroad to bring their lumber and supplies before going on with their improvements. They cannot afford to build better houses just now, for all of the supplies must come from St. Cloud, or Minneapolis, or St. Paul. They are living in a small way—from hand to mouth, just *staying*—till they can make themselves permanent. What a transformation is going on! Twelve months ago this was almost wholly an unsettled region. A few Norwegians reared their cabins and made a break in the prairie last year; but now, under the prospect of railroad facilities, the emigrants have come in swarms, and have taken possession of every acre of Government land near the line of the road. Another year, and towns and villages will spring up. How much more wonderful are the realities of to-day than anything related in the "Thousand and One Nights of the Orient." No Eastern magician ever wrought such transformations. No story-teller of Bagdad ever imagined a tale supposing the changes now going on in this Northwestern region. Herds of buffalo roamed here not many months ago. Bones and skulls of plucky old bulls are still bleaching in the summer sun. The elk and deer are still roaming in these parks, where flocks and herds of sheep and cattle are now cropping the luxuriant grass. You may pick up elk-horns upon the prairie; and, if you keep careful watch, you may see a deer feeding here and there.

Twenty thousand settlers! They are not in towns, nor in villages, but each family has its farm. They are landowners. The blacksmith, the joiner, the bootmaker, have not yet got up their shops; but they will be here soon. You can get anything you want, from a spool of thread to a plow—hoop-skirts, or ready-made bonnets, or ox-chains, or sugar-cured ham—at the railroad supply stores. You can find everything material. There is anything to begin civilization with except Christianity. Morally, this is heathendom.

The picture would be a dark one if it was always to be thus; but there will be another side to it ere long. The heathenism of this section of Minnesota having been set before the Young Men's Christian Association of the state, they have resolved to follow the laborers upon the railway; to set up the banner of the Cross right in front of every keno establishment; to sing of Jesus's love wherever the dancers invite young men to sin. They will pitch their tent and hang out their Bethel flag, and have divine service on the Sabbath, and surround these laborers with kindly and blessed influences on every week day. Not only this, but they will lay foundations for future churches among these settlers. It is a great and glorious work that they are about to undertake. They will have the co-operation of the gentlemen who are building the railroad, and their work undoubtedly will be crowned with success. It is a practical work, and the results will be immediate. The keno man will find it uncongenial work to cry "First ball 69" with "Nearer my God to thee" swelling upon the evening air; and the dancers will find it hard to dance to "Rock of Ages cleft for me."

Their profits will be diminished; and who knows but that they may be driven wholly from the field. It is quite time for the Christian Church to become aggressive. Why should Christians allow the Devil to take possession of every inviting locality? A little effort here this summer can but be productive of good results not only in counteracting evil, but in laying foundations for the future. A preaching-tent will be succeeded ere long by a meeting-house, and a little band of praying and singing brothers, going out for rest, recreation, and Christian work, will be succeeded by a permanent church organization.

In this connection let me call the attention of home missionary and church-building societies to this inviting field, so full of promise. The country is settling at an unprecedented rate, and the settlers now have no religious privileges whatever. Send out your missionaries—your warm-hearted, wide-awake, earnest men—who can adapt themselves to a rough-and-tumble life. The people will welcome them, and the men who manage the Northern Pacific Railroad will give them encouragement and render efficient aid in all legitimate efforts for the building up of educational and religious institutions.

MINNESOTA, July 12th, 1871.

A RATHER curious *find* was made lately in the library of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences at Boston, which may interest such of our readers as are addicted to the idle research of autographs of men, famous or infamous, celebrated or notorious. It was a copy of a scientific work by Marat—Charlotte Corday's Marat—a presentation copy to the Academy, with the autograph of the author on the fly-leaf. It was given in 1788, the year before the French Revolution set in, and five years before Charlotte Corday's dagger fixed him and herself picturesquely and perdurably in the memory and the imagination of mankind. Bad as he was, he would have been cast in the bloody crowd of the Reign of Terror had it not been for the romantic self-devotion of the young Judith of that dreadful time. It may not be generally known that Marat was a voluminous writer on scientific subjects; and was one of the many, of whom some yet survive, who have undertaken to demolish Newton—thus far without success. He is of no authority in the scientific world, and his works consequently are never consulted, which accounts for this curiosity having lain hid for so long among its betters.

News of the Week.

THE French Assembly has had an exciting debate upon the subject of the petition of the bishops in reference to the temporal power of the Pope. President Thiers, in the course of the discussion, unequivocally declared that, while he would not in any way compromise the policy of the country, he would do his best to secure the Pope's independence. He said the true policy of France was peace and reorganization, and it was impossible to adopt a course which would lead to war. No steps must or should be taken which will even tend to alienate Italy. This speech was approved of by M. Gambetta. The petition was referred to M. Favre, the minister of foreign affairs, who is reported to have resigned in consequence.....It is once more announced that the Legitimist and Orleanist deputies in the Assembly have fused.....The Count de Chambord has resigned his seat, to which he was recently elected.....Prince Napoleon arrived at Havre last week, and was immediately ordered to leave the country.....It is probable that the death sentences of convicted Communists will be commuted to exile, transportation, or imprisonment for life.....Advices from Algiers are satisfactory, and indicate that the insurrection there is nearly crushed out.....The municipal elections of Paris, on Sunday last, resulted in the choice of 6 Republican Conservatives and 49 Moderate Republicans.....A recent petroleum explosion in Rheims killed and wounded 30 persons and destroyed a great part of the city.

....The system heretofore in practice of purchasing commissions in the British Army has been abrogated by royal warrant. The matter had been much discussed in Parliament of late, and with great feeling, especially in the House of Lords, the members of which body have always looked upon the army purchase system as one of the legitimate prerogatives of the titled gentry, being made by them very serviceable in sustaining that other abnormal excrescence of the British aristocracy—viz., the law of primogeniture. But Premier Gladstone, using the sword of regal power, has cut the Gordian knot, to the invoking of the extreme wrath and denunciation of the aristocratic classes and that portion of the press which speaks in their interest. In the Commons Mr. Disraeli and the Tory members bitterly denounced what they termed the arbitrary course of the Government; but Mr. Gladstone was calm and defiant, and challenged the opposition to move a vote of want of confidence in the ministry. The Tories claim that the act is unconstitutional. The people sustain the Government.....There have been election riots in County Monoghan, Ireland, and they were quelled by the prompt action of the military.....Several members of the Royal Family have recently visited the ex-Emperor Napoleon.

....The latest news from the Upper Missouri is to the effect that the Sioux Indians attacked Fort Berthold on the 12th inst. But particulars are not given. A few days since a mail station between Fort Stevenson and Fort Totten was attacked by Indians; and, despite the presence of a military guard, the building and mail were destroyed. The party of savages that perpetrated this deed, it is said, had received rations at Fort Thompson but a few days before. Spotted Tail, with a large band of braves, is on the warpath, to redress what Arapahoe grievances a long list of grievances.....In Arizona Gen. Crook has taken the field against the Apaches. He has in his command five companies of cavalry, 50 picked Mexicans, and a large number of the best native scouts; and he will act in conjunction with the Mexican troops in the State of Sonora.....The official report of the investigation of the Camp Grant massacre gives conclusive proof that the whole affair was a bloody and causeless murder of Indian men, women, and children, in an undefended camp, by a body of white settlers, who had no right to avenge their wrongs on the dead than that of avarice—revenge on the Indians for having furnished forage to the camp of U. S. troops located there, the supplying of which, with its accompanying profits, they considered their inalienable right.

....From Spanish sources we learn that the Cuban expedition from Venezuela, under Rafel Quesada, of which we gave some particulars in our last, has come to irremediable grief. It seems now that one detachment of the expedition was not able to effect a landing, and the vessel conveying it returned to the Island of Trinidad. The party which landed, after much suffering for want of provisions, made its way to the interior, being obliged to kill and devour their mules, at last effected a junction with the band of insurgents under Gomez and Suclan, near Puerto Principe. The whole force was here attacked by Spanish troops, and, after sharp fighting, was routed, losing 23 killed, besides 6 flags and a quantity of arms and ammunition. Many of the insurgents were captured, and the remainder were dispersed and are being hotly pursued by the troops.

....On Saturday last there was an explosion in a small building connected with the Arsenal in Washington City, used for the preparation of rockets, lights, and shells for the Signal Corps. Five was communicated thereby to several adjoining buildings and a magazine, containing 500 pounds of powder and a large quantity of bombs and shot and musket cartridges. The explosion of the magazine and the resulting bombardment was fearful. The damage done to surrounding buildings was very heavy; but fortunately no lives were lost. The most serious loss was that of the Museum or Model Room, which was filled with models of all kinds of foreign firearms and equipments, ancient armor, and Revolutionary trophies, which cannot be replaced.

....Marshal Sarrano, last week, formed a new Spanish ministry; but one the elements of which were so weak and discordant that its immediate downfall was in his hands. Now Senor Ruiz Zorilla is trying his fortune at cabinet making—which is evidently no holiday exercise in Spain at the present time.... Marshal Serrano has proposed to the King a decree outlawing members of the International Society in Spain. He also recommends a rigorous course of procedure on all questions of public order. This policy is disapproved of by some of the more liberal members of the Cortes, and was denounced by Minister Zorilla.

....The Lincoln Monument Association of Springfield, Ill., announces that it has sufficient funds to pay for the monument with the bronze statue of Mr. Lincoln, and also for grading the grounds. This leaves out of the question the four accompanying groups of statuary first contemplated—to cost $50,000—and which will be obtained and placed in position when the money necessary for the purpose can be raised.

....The American Institute will open its 40th exhibition on the 7th of Sept., in the Empire Rink, Third Avenue and 63d street, in this city. The building will be ready for machinery on the 1st of August, and on the 28th of August the reception of goods will commence. The exhibition will continue every secular day, from 9 A. M to 10 P. M., for two months, closing with an address and the distribution of premiums.

....An earthquake has disturbed the equanimity of the good people of New England. In Concord and Portsmouth, N. H., the shocks were very heavy, violently shaking buildings, knocking down plastering, ringing church-bells, and thoroughly frightening the inhabitants. The shock was also generally felt throughout Maine, causing great alarm, but no serious damage; and the same may be said for Boston and its environs.

....The college regattas on the Connecticut, above Springfield, resulted in the Harvards being beaten by the "Atalanta" Club, of New York, in the six-oar shell race; in the victory of the Amherst Agricultural College boat over the Harvards in the University race; and in the Harvards winning the Freshman race. The time of the Amherst boat—17 minutes, 47½ seconds—is considered the best on record.

....In Vienna, Austria, a terrible riot occurred on Sunday, the 16th inst., between the Socialists and Ultramontanists, the latter being the attacking party. The police were overpowered, and the military had to be called upon to disperse the rioters. Many persons were injured.

....The magazine of the Greek man-of-war "Eumonia" exploded on the 8d inst., while in the Greek Archipelago. The vessel was destroyed, and 40 of the crew were killed and nearly all of the rest more or less injured.

....A terrific tornado visited Hiogo, Japan, about the 17th of July. The sea was driven into the port in such volume as to inundate the whole town, causing immense damage. Seven steamers were driven ashore and wrecked.

....The interest held by Pennsylvania in the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad was sold by auction in Philadelphia, on Saturday last, for the sum of $500,000, Senator Thurman, of Ohio, being the purchaser.

....A deputation of German, Austrian, and Dutch bankers are on their way to this country to make an examination of the route, condition of the work, and financial prospects of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

....The Upper Chamber of the Parliament of Holland has postponed indefinitely the consideration of the treaty for the session of the Dutch possessions in Guinea to England.

....Up to the 20th inst. $37,000,000 of the new funded loan had been subscribed for. On this amount alone Government saves in annual interest $670,000.

....The German troops now evacuating the French departments of the Eure, Somme, and Seine Inferieure will return at once to Germany.

....It is officially announced that the Asiatic cholera has made its appearance in several places in Poland.

Publisher's Department.

ART GRAVITATING TO BERLIN.

ANOTHER of the European celebrities of art and science, Helmholtz, the distinguished physiologist and professor of natural philosophy, until recently the bright particular star of the University of Heidelberg, has accepted the call tendered him to a professorship at the University of Berlin. The world is indebted to this ardent and diligent investigator for the invention of the Ophthalmoscope (*Speculum oculi*), an instrument by which the interior of the eye and its condition, whether healthy or diseased, can be observed; also for the invention of the Tone Analyzer, an acoustical apparatus, by the use of which every sound can be scientifically analyzed in its constituent or component parts, and the fullness, richness, or poverty of each tone determined.

This apparatus is fully described in Helmholtz's celebrated work, entitled *Ueber Ton Empfindungen* (On Sound Perception), a subject that has also specially engrossed the attention of Professor Tyndall, of London, who co-operates with Helmholtz in this direction.

Our eminently scientific piano manufacturers, Steinway & Sons, have been continually employed with acoustical experiments and these have led to the invention of an apparatus (patented December, 1866), designated by them "The Patent Resonator," which lightens the sensibility of the sounding-board to such an extent that numerous harmonic combination tones, hitherto unknown, are developed, which produce that unparalleled richness of tone that invariably characterizes the Steinway Piano.

Their further experiments culminated in the invention and application (in conjunction with their Patent Resonator) of "The Free Vibrating Bridge"—for the purpose of avoiding or suppressing all false combination tones—which was patented by them in 1869.

The Royal Academies of Berlin and Stockholm recognized at once the importance of the former invention, and by diplomas conferred academical honors on the Messrs Steinway, creating them Honorary Life Members, whilst Helmholtz was induced by these successes to order one of their Concert Grand Pianos for his acoustical experiments at the Scientific Institutions in Berlin. This is certainly *a great triumph for American Industrial Art*, and a rare distinction and high compliment for the Messrs. Steinway.

Professor Helmholtz's letter of acknowledgment to Messrs. Steinway & Sons is before us, and we translate it literally as follows:

BERLIN, June 9th, 1871.

Dear Sirs:—Herewith I beg you to accept my very best thanks for the Superb Grand Piano which you have sent me, and which has safely arrived.

I am amazed at the prolonged vibration of its tones, by which the instrument becomes somewhat organ-like; by the lightness and delicacy of the touch (considering its great volume of tone); and by the precise and perfect cessation of the tones which the dampers effect—an element so essential to distinctness in playing.

The perceptibility of the bass tones is much improved by the use of the long scale of the strings, and it is evident that in ordinary pianos the short and too heavily-weighted strings produce unharmonious secondary tones, the musical intervals become indistinct, and the quality decidedly *smothered*.

With such an instrument as yours placed before me, *I must modify many of my formerly expressed views regarding pianos.* I hear frequently many harmonic combination tones, whilst such a long vibrating tone as that of your Grand Piano is much more sensitive to dissonances than that of ordinary instruments, the tones of which so quickly die away, etc., etc.

I regret not having had the pleasure of meeting Mr. William Steinway here; but I still hope to make his personal acquaintance, as he promised my wife he would call again.

Once more, my very best thanks.

Yours, H. HELMHOLTZ.

To Messrs. Steinway & Sons, New York, U. S.

CONTINENTAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Most of the fire insurance companies of this city, we are happy to say, are now doing a safe and fairly remunerative business. The managers of these worthy institutions are generally among the ablest and best of our business men. They are obli

The Independent.

DESTINY.

BY R. W. EASTERBROOKS.

A violet lifted its pretty head,
Under a mullein leaf, and said,
With a haughty toss of its purple crown:
"I'll have no sun in my covert brown.
Some of my sisters are faint with heat.
I want no sunshine." Odd conceit,
For blossoms like that, but as strong as strange,
And she settled herself in her cool retreat,
To live and to die. She would have no change.

A bright young heart in a maiden's breast
Looked around on its dainty nest,
And sang: "Though angels should bid me roam,
I will not stir from my fairy home.
Love lures many a heart away;
But I want none of it, here I stay
Till death has leveled my dwelling place."
A whim? Well, call it a whim who may,
For whims are common to all its race.

But time went on with a steady tread.
The mullein, over the violet's head,
Was pushed aside by some careless one,
And the blossom died in the summer sun.
The home the heart would have held its own
Opened the door it had fancied stone,
And gave its all to a stranger guest,
And with never a shadow of sigh or moan
The heart walked out of its fairy nest.

RISE AND FALL OF THE SLAVE POWER IN AMERICA.*

BY HON. HENRY WILSON.

No. XLVI.

THE "AMISTAD" CAPTIVES.

The year 1839 was signalized by an event which, with its antecedent and attending circumstances and consequent results, produced a deep and widespread feeling throughout the country. Involving other nations and people, it afforded a marked illustration of what had been made manifest by other developments—that slavery, a local system, and confined to a particular section of the country, extended its influence and urged its demands not only in other portions of the land, but in other lands. Not content with dominant control over that particular section cursed with its immediate presence, it would subsidize and subvert every section, and make every interest subservient to its exacting behests. Nor, reaching further than its own territorial limits, did it hesitate to embroil friendly nations with its inhuman demands and unrighteous claims.

By the laws of Spain the slave-trade was prohibited; and Africans introduced by slavers, in contravention of such laws, were declared to be free. In violation of them, however, in June, 1839, the slaver "Tecora," under Portuguese colors, landed a cargo of kidnapped Africans near Havana. A few days after, Ruis and Montez, Spanish slave-dealers, purchasing a number of them, obtained license from the government to transport fifty-two of them as "legal slaves" from Havana to Principe, about a hundred leagues distant. Of course, being confined in barracoons, they had no one to represent their case to the government or captain-general, and to vindicate their rightful claim to freedom. Embarked on board the "Amistad," five days out, they rose upon the captain and crew, under the lead of Cinguiz, one of their number, and made an attempt to regain their liberty. In the struggle which ensued they killed the captain and cook, but spared the lives of the crew and passengers, including the slave-dealers themselves. For these heroic men had risen, not to take the lives of others, but to save their own liberties. They ordered the vessel to be steered for their native land; but, unacquainted with navigation, they were deceived by those who profited by their ignorance, and the "Amistad" was taken into American waters. Nor did they discover their mistake until they reached Long Island Sound, and their vessel was taken into New London, Connecticut, by Lieutenant Gedney, of the United States brig "Washington." Here they were seized and committed to prison on the charge of murder, by a warrant issued by the district judge of the United States Court. Ruis and Montez claimed the ship, cargo, and Africans, though the Africans represented that they were free men. Lieutenant Gedney and some of the inhabitants of Long Island, who had arrested a number of the negroes going on shore for water, claimed salvage, as if they had been so many bales of merchandise, showing that even Northerners, when they could profit by ignoring the claims of humanity and the rights of man, were only too ready to do so. The Spanish minister at Washington, seemingly oblivious of the infraction of the laws of his government involved in this transaction, demanded the vessel and cargo under the treaty of 1795, and also claimed that the negroes should be conveyed to Havana, under the pretense of their being "tried by the Spanish laws which they had violated." He pressed his claim on the ground of the preservation of order and peace in Cuba. He even went so far as to maintain that, if they were to be tried, convicted, and executed as pirates and assassins in Connecticut, the effect would not be so salutary as if they were tried, convicted, and executed in Cuba.

Mr. Holabird was at that time district attorney of Connecticut; and Mr. Judson, who had distinguished himself for his opposition to Miss Prudence Crandall's colored school, a few years before, and whose zeal on that occasion had, unquestionably, hastened his promotion, was district judge. The district attorney hastened to write to the Secretary of State that these Africans could not be tried for murder in the courts of the United States. In his anxiety to procure their conviction, he inquired whether there were not treaty stipulations with Spain that would authorize "our Government" to deliver them up to Spanish authorities; and, if so, "whether it would be done before our court sits." Of course, the Secretary of State knew there was no such treaty, and that the Constitution gave the President no power to supersede the criminal warrants of the United States. But he instructed the district attorney "to take care that no proceedings of your Circuit Court, or any other judicial tribunal, place the vessel, cargo, or slaves beyond the control of the Federal Executive." This assumption by the Secretary of State that these Africans were slaves afforded another illustration of the influence of slavery over the Government, and of the then dominating influence of the slave power.

The demands of Mr. Calhoun, the Spanish minister, for the surrender of these Africans, held in slavery without even the forms of law, and who had so heroically asserted their freedom, and struck brave blows to effect their return to their native land, were strenuously advocated by the Southern press and by the pro-slavery journals of the North. They found, however, humane, generous, and discreet friends. A committee, consisting of S. S. Jocelyn, Joshua Leavitt, and Lewis Tappan, was appointed in New York to solicit funds, employ counsel, and see that their interests and rights were faithfully cared for. Seth P. Staples and Theodore Sedgwick, Jr., who had been employed by this committee to act as their counsel, addressed a letter to President Van Buren, denying that these Africans were slaves; contending that in rising they only obeyed the dictates of self-defense, and praying that their case should not be decided "in the recesses of the Cabinet, where these unfriended men can have no counsel and can produce no proof; but in the halls of Justice, with the safeguards she throws around the unfriended and oppressed." This letter was submitted to Mr. Grundy, the Attorney-General of the United States. He was a devotee of slavery and a violent and bitter opponent of emancipation. As a senator he had manifested his hatred of anti-slavery men, and had shamelessly avowed his approval of lynching Abolitionists. Of course, he looked with horror upon the heroic conduct of these black men, and was in favor of surrendering them to the Spanish authorities. He avowed that he could not *see* any "legal principle upon which the Government would be justified in going into an investigation for the purpose of ascertaining the facts set forth in the papers clearing the vessel from one Spanish port to another," as evidence whether or not these negroes were slaves.

The lives and liberties of these Africans were in peril; but the first law officers of the United States Government saw no legal principle involved, on which the courts of the country could inquire into the genuineness of papers believed to be spurious by all persons not influenced by interest or passion. He even went so far as to say that, as these negroes were charged with violating Spanish laws, it was proper that they should be surrendered to that government, so that, if they had violated any of its laws, "they might not escape punishment." Mr. Grundy had the reputation in Tennessee of being a skillful criminal lawyer. Was it not strange, indeed, that he should have forgotten that the President of the United States had no authority to surrender fugitives from justice to foreign governments unless authorized to do so by treaty stipulations? He went so far even as to avow it as his opinion that the proper mode of executing the treaty would be for the President to issue his order directing the marshal to deliver the vessel and cargo to such persons as might be designated by the Spanish minister. Thus, in his opinion, the President was to constitute himself "court and jury." The Circuit Court assembled at Hartford, on the 17th of September. The Africans were held in custody on the charge of murder. An attachment was also issued from the District Court against the "Armistad" and her cargo in behalf of Ruis and Montez, and of Lieutenant Gedney for salvage on vessel and cargo. The district attorney, in behalf of the Government, claimed possession of the vessel; so that the negroes if they were slaves could be returned to their Spanish owners; and if they were free they could be returned to Africa, according to the provisions of the treaty of 1819. Mr. Justice Thompson, of the Circuit Court, decided that the Africans could not be held for trial for murder committed on the seas on board of a Spanish vessel; but he refused to discharge them, on the ground that they were held in custody by the District Court in consequence of libels and attachments against them. The new Spanish minister, De Argair, on the 20th of November, in a communication to the Secretary of State, denied the right of the courts of the United States to take cognizance of the case, and complained that, in consequence of delay, public vengeance had not been satisfied; "for, be it recollected," he added, "that the legation of Spain does not demand the delivery of slaves, but of assassins." In another communication he states that the Secretary of State informed him that the District Court, when it should meet on the 7th of January, might order the restitution of the vessel, cargo, and negroes, and showed him that it would be necessary for the Spanish Government to take charge of them as soon as the Court should pronounce its sentence. Thus the Secretary of State not only anticipated the action of the District Court, but warned the Spanish minister to take charge of these negroes as soon as the decision of the court should be known.

This minister also preferred the bold request that the President should order the transportation of the negroes in a government vessel to Cuba, immediately on their release. Nor did the President refuse even this extraordinary demand, giving immediate orders that such a vessel be in readiness to receive them and convey them to Cuba, with instructions to deliver them to the captain-general of that island. And the vessel was actually anchored off the harbor of New Haven three days after the court assembled, to be in readiness, as falsely alleged, to give these negroes an "opportunity to prove their freedom," when it had been asserted by the minister himself that they were "claimed as assassins and not as slaves." Before the court assembled, Lieutenants Gedney and Meade were ordered to hold themselves in readiness to go to Cuba with the negroes. They had captured the "Amistad"; and they were ordered to go to Cuba, at the expense of the United States, "for the purpose," as alleged, "of affording their testimony in any proceedings that may be ordered by the authorities of Cuba in the matter." They were not sent to Cuba to prove the freedom of the negroes; but to establish the fact that the vessel was in their possession—a fact that would aid, not in giving them their freedom, but in sending them to death.

The court, however, decided that the papers of Ruis and Montez were fraudulent, that the negroes were native Africans illegally imported, that they were not slaves, and that they should be sent back to Africa, according to the treaty of 1819. The court decided according to the request of the district attorney; but no sooner was the decision made than, by order of the Secretary of State, he took an appeal to the Circuit Court. Indeed, every facility was afforded by the officials of this Government to the Spanish minister and to the pretended owners of the negroes to carry out their inhuman and illegal purpose. The district attorney had requested assistant counsel, and the sum of two hundred dollars was allowed for that purpose; and for that paltry amount Ralph J. Ingersoll, a Democratic politician and lawyer, who afterward represented this Government at the Court of St. Petersburg, undertook the task. The district attorney, who seemed equally intent with the Spanish minister and the Administration to secure the return to Cuba and to death of these victims of slaveholding and piratical zeal, sent a messenger to Washington to correct a clerical mistake in the President's warrant; so that they might be held, it was said, "should the pretended friends of the negroes obtain a writ of *habeas corpus*" Mr. Forsyth hastened to have the error corrected, and in returning it betrayed the spirit and purpose of the President and his Cabinet by this unmistakable declaration: "I have to state, by direction of the President, that, if the decision of the court is such as is anticipated, the order of the President is to be carried into execution, unless an appeal shall actually have been interposed. You are not to take it for granted that it will be interposed." The meaning of this instruction was, that, if the counsel for the Africans did not instantly make an appeal, they were to be hurried on board the "Grampus," a national vessel, sent for the purpose, carried to Cuba for trial, and no doubt for death. Indeed, so much in earnest were the friends of the measure that on the very day the court assembled the order had been sent by the President to the marshal for that very purpose. And so flagitious and barefaced was deemed this order that some of Mr. Van Buren's friends afterward represented that it was issued without his knowledge, by his sanguine and not overscrupulous secretary, who seemed to have acted on the assumption of the Spanish minister that their trial and conviction in Cuba would exert a more salutary influence than their trial and conviction here.

An appeal had been taken to the Circuit Court, which, through Justice Thompson, affirmed the decision of the District Court. An appeal was then taken to the Supreme Court. Consequently, when an effort was made by Mr. Baldwin, one of the counsel for the Africans, at the September term, to have the appeal dismissed, the judge decided that, as an appeal had been taken, by the consent of both parties, to the Supreme Court, that motion could only be made there. At the same time unsuccessful efforts were made by Mr. Tappan and others, through Messrs. Baldwin and Kimberly, to secure from Justice Thompson release from prison for the Africans, in order that they might be more comfortably cared for by their friends and proper attention given to their education.

For this trial before the Supreme Court the most ample preparations were made. The committee, without stint of care or money, had determined that no means within their reach should be spared to make it worthy of the august tribunal, and the more august cause. In addition to the four able lawyers already engaged, they sought the aid of John Quincy Adams, the venerable ex-president, the old man eloquent. He promptly responded to the call; and, without other fee than the consciousness of doing good, brought his great learning and forensic ability, his commanding position and well-earned reputation, to the advocacy of the cause of these savage, ignorant, and helpless men, for whom slavery was longing with a more ravenous purpose than the hyena that scented the wake of the caravan, which bore them from their homes in their native wilds to the ocean's shore, where the shark took up the trail.

In his plea, of great ability, learning, and eloquence, of some three hours' length, he presented the case not only with a cogent argument in behalf of his pagan clients, but with stern condemnation of the Government and its obsequious officials, from the President downward, betraying such unseemly alacrity to do the bidding of the flesh mongers, who were, he showed, carrying out, in law and fact, the slave-pirate's voyage that began on the coast of Africa. He maintained that these Africans had been torn from their own country, shipped at Lomboko, against the laws of Spain, against the laws of the United States, against the laws of nations; that their passage on the "Amistad" was, in law and in fact, a continuance of the original voyage; that sixteen had perished through the cruel treatment they had received from Ruis and Montez, whose ghosts must sit heavy on their souls through the closing hours of life. He referred to the extraordinary order of the Secretary of State to the district attorney of Connecticut to take care lest the decisions of that court or any other court should place these Africans beyond the control of the President. He said it was in consequence of that order the case had reached the Supreme Court. Instead of the course he had pursued, it was the duty of the Secretary of State to have instantly answered the Spanish minister, and to have told him that his demands were utterly inadmissible, and that the President of the United States had no power to do the things he required. He should have said that he could not deliver up the ship to the owner, because he was dead; that the question depended upon the courts; that a declaration to the President that the courts of the United States had no authority to try the case involved an offensive demand; and that the delivering up of the negroes by the President, as required, and sending them beyond the seas for trial, thus making the President a mere "constable, a catchpole," was also inadmissible, as the President had no power to arrest and deliver up any person whatever. He said the Secretary of State should have set the President right in this matter; but that he had never answered one of these demands, had never corrected one of these representations, nor asserted the rights of the nation against these extraordinary and unauthorized demands.

"He has degraded the country," said Mr. Adams, "in the face of the whole civilized world, not only by allowing these demands to remain unanswered, but by proceeding, I am obliged to say, throughout the whole transaction, as if the Executive were earnestly desirous to comply with every one of these demands." Inquiring why the Spanish minister persisted in his pretensions, he answered his own question by saying that it was because "he was not told instantly, without the delay of an hour, that this Government could never admit such a claim, and would be offended if they were repeated, or any portion of them." "Yet all these claims," he said—"monstrous, absurd, and inadmissible as they are—have been urged and repeated for eighteen months on our Government, and an American Secretary of State evades answering them—evades it to such an extent that the Spanish minister reproaches him for not answering his arguments." He also referred to the singular conclusion to which Mr. Grundy, the Attorney-General, arrived in advising that the President should give an order for the delivery of the slaves, as he assumed them to be, to the Spanish authorities. He said that the American Secretary of State had told the Spanish minister that the Cabinet had adopted that opinion; and he asked why the President and his Cabinet had not acted upon it—why they had not delivered "these men, being at that time in the judicial custody of the courts of the United States," to the Spanish Government. "Why," he asked, "did not the President send an order at once to the marshal to seize these men, and ship them beyond the seas, or deliver them to the Spanish minister? I am ashamed—I am ashamed of my country—that such an opinion should have been delivered by any public officer, especially by the legal counselor of the Executive. I am ashamed to stand up before the nations of the earth with such an opinion recorded before us as official; and, still more, adopted by the Cabinet, which did not dare to do the deed."

This terrible arraignment by Mr. Adams of the Administration and its official advisers will seem to be richly merited by those who have read the correspondence. Mr. Forsyth was a very able man, both in the Senate and in the Cabinet, ready in debate, and a leading man in his party. But he was deeply imbued with the spirit of slavery; and, like the extreme men of his section, blindly devoted to the interests of the slave system. This clouded his judgment, perverted his conscience, and led him to endorse conduct and defend positions which otherwise his training and experience in public affairs must have shown him to be wholly untenable and wrong. And yet, with all this explanation, none can read the correspondence evoked by this case—not merely of Southern men like Forsyth and Grundy, but of a Northern President and his officials in Connecticut—without sharing largely in the feeling of shame which Mr. Adams confessed in his plea before the Supreme Court.

Mr. Adams closed with a tender allusion to the change in the *personnel* and surroundings of the court since his admission to practice before it, thirty-seven years before, which greatly affected all present. The opinion of the court was delivered by Justice Story. It held that the Africans were kidnapped and unlawfully transported to Cuba; that they were purchased by Ruis and Montez with a knowledge of the fact; that they were free; that they did not become pirates and robbers in taking possession of the "Amistad," and in attempting to regain their native country; that there was nothing in the treaty with Spain that justified the claim for their surrender; and that the United States was bound to respect their rights, as much as those of Spanish subjects. The decision was pronounced in these words: "Our opinion is that the decree of the Circuit Court affirming that of the District Court ought to be affirmed except so far as it directs the negroes to be delivered to the President, to be transported to Africa, in pursuance of the Act of the 3d of March, 1819; and as to this it ought to be reversed, and that the said negroes be declared to be free, and be dismissed from the custody of the court and go without day."

As soon as the decision of the court was pronounced Mr. Adams addressed to Lewis Tappan this exultant note: "The captives are free. The part of the decree of the District Court which placed them at the disposal of the President of the United States, to be sent to Africa, is removed. They are to be discharged from the custody of the marshal—FREE. The rest of the decision of the court below is affirmed. 'Not unto us, not unto us, etc.'"

This result was very gratifying to the better portion of the country; but it must have been specially gratifying to Mr. Tappan, to whom by common consent, more than to any other man in America, were the Mendiens indebted for their deliverance and freedom. Mr. Leavitt, a member with Mr. Tappan of the committee, well expressed the general sentiment of those who knew. "His determined benevolence, his untiring vigilance, his never-failing resources in times of difficulty, his immovable decision of character, and his facility in the dispatch of business, have often stood, humanly speaking, between them and defeat. . . . There is not another man who both could and would have done what he has done." Nor did he cease his labors when they were rescued from the very jaws of impending destruction. Leaving his large and exacting business, he spent days and weeks even in visiting New England and other portions of the North in their behalf, counseling with friends, soliciting subscriptions, and perfecting arrangements, which were afterward carried into effect, for making their return to Africa the beginning of the Mendi Mission, which has been sustained to the present time.

Though the claims of Ruis and Montez, the demands of the Spanish minister, and the machinations of the Administration had been baffled, and the captives restored to their native land, additional efforts were made. In 1844, Charles I. Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the House of Representatives, reported a bill to pay the sum of $70,000 to the pretended owners of the "Amistad" captives. This report was long and elaborate, and its author moved the printing of 10,000 copies. Mr. Giddings at once assailed and demolished its baseless assumptions and fallacious reasonings. A motion being made to lay it on the table, and its author recoiling from the well-directed blows of Mr. Giddings, and learning that Mr. Adams was intending to follow, sought to avert still further damage he justly apprehended from his learning, logic, and fervid eloquence by voting for the motion. Though Mr. Ingersoll's cowardly action prevented Mr. Adams from making his speech in the House, it did not prevent its publication in the papers as a speech he intended to make. Master of the subject, his feelings deeply interested from his former connection with the case, and exasperated by the dastardly and dishonorable proposition to pay $70,000 to these base and bloody men, his speech was a merciless exposure of the falsehoods of the report, and a deserved excoriation of him who was willing to prostitute the power and property of the Government for ends so mercenary and mean. He fitly characterized the zeal manifested by the Committee in behalf of these infamous slave-traders; the unfair dealing of their report with the laws of the land, its treaties, and the judges of its courts; its sympathy with slavery and the slave-trade, betrayed in its assertion that the act of Congress declaring the slave-trade *piracy* to be a "preposterous enactment"; and that the article in the Treaty of Ghent for the entire abolition of the traffic was put in by Great Britain, from sinister motives and for selfish purposes.

Referring to Mr. Giddings's speech, he said that it "had exposed to the scorn and contempt of the House some of the false and spurious principles of international law thick sown throughout the report"; but "the putrid mass of personal slander" poured upon the district attorney and judge, and upon the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, has not been exposed as it deserves. Mr. Ingersoll had stated that Lieut. Gedney had taken possession of the "Amistad" on the 26th, of August, 1840, instead of the 26th of August, 1839; and on this mistake or misstatement he had reared his argument and made his arraignment. With scathing denunciation and withering sarcasm Mr. Adams thus characterized this change of date. "The masterpiece," he said, "of the whole report is the falsification, on its first page, of the date of their seizure of the "Amistad" and the negroes by Lieut. Gedney. Upon that falsehood hinges all the subsequent semblance of an argument to discredit the decision of the courts that the negroes were "Bozals" [or those just landed], and not "Ladinas" [those longer in the country and familiar with the language]—freemen, and not slaves. Restore the true date, August 26, 1839, and the long train of subsequent argumentation to vilify the judges and shatter their righteous judgment loses even the brightness of ingenious sophistry. It is coarse, glaring, stupid, shameless, unmitigated falsehood. Restore the true date,

* And all the demon starts up from the toad.'"

Nor did Mr. Adams spare President Van Buren, or his Secretary of State, Mr. Forsyth, or his Attorney-General, Mr. Grundy. Referring to the order of Mr. Van Buren, which he characterized as the most extraordinary act of despotism ever signed by the President of the United States, to the marshal of Connecticut to deliver on board the schooner "Grampus" the negroes of the "Amistad," he asked: "Was this order given in a country where the rights of person are words without meaning? In the Kingdom of Dahomey? In the region where the bow-string is the warrant of execution? It was given in the land of the Declaration of Independence, in the land of the self-evident truths. It was given by the President of the United States. It was, of course, null and void; and if before the decision of the court it had been delivered to the marshal, and he had executed it, he would have staked not only the lives of the negroes, but his own head, and that of Martin Van Buren, the signer of the order, upon the event." The report and bill were never acted upon, and the country was spared the disgrace of paying a claim so preposterous and wicked; but not the disgrace of an Administration and many of the leading members of the Government who favored it and gave it their personal and official sanction.

In all the acts of Slavery's grim tragedy there have been few scenes which presented more elements of interest than that of the "Amistad" captives. With two continents and the wide Atlantic for its theater; with the robber chiefs of Africa, the slave-pirates of the ocean, the representatives of a European monarchy, and an American republic for actors, seemingly engaged in a common cause and inspired by a common spirit, it represented through the whole, with dramatic variety and force, the strangest contrasts and the most unlooked-for and contradictory combinations. It presented barbarism in its rudest and most repulsive aspects, and Christianity in its most attractive and lovely attitude. It began with the midnight hunt for captives in the wilds of Africa; it closed by Christian men and women sending and accompanying these captives back to Africa, to plant churches and schools among their benighted countrymen. Through the whole, however, the one dark and hideous fact stands out that slavery is essentially the same, its adherents substantially alike. A system of violence, impatient of all restraints, whether of reason or of conscience, humanity or religion, the laws of the heart or the laws of the state, it seems mainly intent on compassing its own ends, by whatever means and at whatever hazards. It was the same in Africa and in America; in the barracoon and in the middle passage; under a monarchy or in a republic; in a Pagan, Catholic, or Protestant country.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, by H. C. Bowen, in the year 1870, in the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

Literary Department.

SCHAFF'S EDITION OF LANGE'S COMMENTARIES.*

A few years since Dr. Philip Schaff, whose energy seems to know no bounds, conceived the idea of introducing to the American public an improved translation of Lange's "*Bibel Werk*," to which should be added copious annotations and extracts from the best commentaries both in German and English. Encouraged to the accomplishment of the work by the enterprising publishing house of Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co., he at once associated with himself, as colaborers, under his general direction, a number of other gentlemen, more or less widely known. These gentlemen were severally assigned to the different portions of the original German work, and made responsible both for the translation and the additional matter. Our readers are already familiar with the volumes, which have appeared from time to time, and have formed their own judgment of their merits. Two new portions of the work have recently been issued—one of which, having reference to the Gospel of John, makes the Commentary on the New Testament almost complete—it may seem an appropriate time to call attention to the book as a whole. What are its peculiarities, its excellencies, and defects? Perhaps its most marked peculiarity, and one which, if we mistake not, had much influence in inducing Dr. Schaff to publish it in this country, lies in the fact that it is not, like most of the best German commentaries, purely exegetical in its character; but is, at the same time, both doctrinal and homiletical. After the explanatory notes upon each brief section of every chapter, the author endeavors to present the doctrine contained in that section, and adds, from the most eminent preachers and writers, thoughts or "heads" which may be suggestive in the preparation of sermons. The work is intended thus to cover a most extensive ground, and to furnish its readers with something in every department. A natural result of this peculiarity is that its exegetical character is made by the original author in some measure subordinate to its main design. But the American editor-in-chief attempts to change the work in this respect, and to make it more prominently exegetical and explanatory, by introducing a large amount of matter from other writers. The translation, as it appears before the public in this country, may, therefore, be characterized as exegetical, but not exclusively so—as undertaking to unite with a full and extensive and very scholarly commentary on the text a series of valuable doctrinal and homiletical annotations.

Another striking peculiarity of the original work, which the American editor has not tried to remove, and which he could not have removed if he had undertaken to do so, is closely connected with the one already mentioned. It lies in the fact that the author, having always before his mind the homiletical and doctrinal parts of the Commentary, is led in the exegetical portion to go beyond the limits of mere interpretation; and in this way he becomes meditative and prone to long discussion. The German mind can express itself concisely; yet, unless it imposes upon itself the strictest rules in this regard, it goes beyond all bounds and cannot be restrained. The very design of Dr. Lange's work made such conciseness impossible for him, as a German; and the consequence is that the clearness, sharpness, and brevity which are so admirable in writers like De Wette and Meyer are not found in his exegetical notes. There is a tendency, also, in the author's mind—which becomes manifest to the reader oftentimes—to the religious meditative style; so that the Commentary, as a whole, must be regarded as characterized by this tendency. Such a peculiarity, indeed, is not very remarkable in a work of a homiletical or practical order—such a work as Dr. Lange undoubtedly intended, in considerable measure, to prepare; but in a book of the more scholastic order, into which Dr. Schaff has attempted to turn the original, it can scarcely fail to attract attention.

Another peculiarity of the work, in its American edition, is due to the special object with which this edition has been prepared. Dr. Schaff has undertaken to provide the students of the Bible in this country with a scholarly and scholastic Commentary of a high order; and, instead of writing it himself, he has founded it on the work of Lange, and completed it by additions from all quarters. The work, as now before us, contains comparatively little original matter from the American editors; but it is a *compilation*, including the whole of that author's book whose name it bears, and more or less frequents extracts, longer or shorter, from numerous others. It has, thus, the characteristics of a compilation, and of a compilation from writers of quite various degrees of scholarly distinction. The German tendency to gather in everything seems to have survived in Dr. Schaff, notwithstanding his long experience in our country; and the original extended Commentary of Lange is enlarged and heaped up from every source, until in one sense, however it may be in others, it is made "the greatest biblical work of the age," as the publishers call it. Such a work, of course, must lack unity somewhat; but it will be, to a greater or less extent, according to the wisdom of those who compile and prepare it, a storing-place of much that is useful. The value of such a commentary must, of course, depend very largely on the character of the original work which is made the basis of it. We cannot help thinking that Dr. Schaff fell into an error when he selected Lange as his main author. If a great commentary were to be translated from the German for the use of American scholars and preachers, it should have been one of the very highest scholastic merit. Dr. Lange's work is not of this character, and was not designed to be so by its author. It is inferior, in this regard, to the works of a very considerable number of those writers from whom the additions of the American edition are drawn. Our biblical scholars must feel at once, as they open and examine this book, that the foundation part of it is the least useful part for their purposes, and that Dr. Lange is made to lead all the other German and English authors, where he ought either to follow them or not to appear at all. At the present time, what we need in our country in the exegetical department is commentaries of the highest scholarly order. Of those which are semi-practical, or which are written with a partially homiletical object, there is no pressing want. It is a defect of the extensive work before us that the American editor has attempted to make a commentary of the former order out of one of the latter, by appending and inserting what must, of necessity, be incongruous with the original work, and must bear a very small ratio to it in the amount of matter. In one word, it is to be regretted that, if any German work was to be translated and made the foundation of a biblical commentary for our students in this line of study, it should not have been one of the highest order and value.

It seems to us, also, that it is better to translate a book "pure and simple" from the original, or to make one for ourselves, than to gather together a mass of matter from all quarters and annex it to the work of one who never thought of thus annexing it for himself. We doubt whether it is really beneficial and helpful to American scholarship to spend years in giving to the public such compilations. It may be questioned whether the work which Dr. Schaff has done himself in connection with the volumes on the Epistle to the Romans and the Gospel of John is not of more real value than any amount of his collected notes, or of those gathered by his associates.

The more we have used this Commentary, and the more we have heard the judgment of others, the more do we feel, also, that the homiletical and doctrinal parts of the work are of comparatively little value. The book is large and expensive. It must draw heavily upon the means which most ministers have at command for the purchase of books to buy it. If the parts of it to which we have alluded had been omitted, and the clergymen had been left to find the doctrines discussed in thoroughly scientific treatises, we think the work would have been made better, as well as cheaper. Such helps to sermonizing are useless to active and thoughtful minds, and are positively harmful to minds of an opposite character. And as for doctrinal discussion, it cannot be carried on in such brief and unconnected paragraphs as the plan of this Commentary requires, nor is the statement of doctrine made most successfully in this way.

Dr. Schaff and his coadjutors, however—though, in our judgment, they have made some serious mistakes in their plan and in the carrying out of it—have rendered a service in bringing before the ordinary minister and student a large amount of the results of German scholarship. They have evidently read pretty widely the works of other modern commentators, and have condensed from those works much that will be new to persons who know only our own language. They have also set the example of preparing, or have undertaken to prepare, a biblical commentary of a high character in a scholarly point of view. Those who use their work aright will find themselves elevated in their ideas beyond what they, or many of them, at least, have realized before as to what may be done in this department of study. In this way an influence for good may be exerted in the future. They have, we may add, provided the American public with better commentaries on certain books of the Bible than almost any which we have had in English before. It is unfortunate that we have so little that is useful in this line respecting portions of the New Testament writings. The volumes of this edition of Lange's work on such portions will make many students grateful to Dr. Schaff for undertaking their publication.

We desire to present our readers with a fair estimate of this extended Commentary; and we would give all commendation to its editor-in-chief for the enterprise and the interest in biblical learning which he has displayed. We hope he may find his best reward in awakening some of our own scholars to prepare commentaries which shall be equal in usefulness and excellence to the most learned and the best of other lands.

* The Gospel according to John. By John Peter Lange, D.D., Professor of Theology at the University of Bonn. Translated from the German, Revised, Enlarged, and Edited by Philip Schaff, D.D. 8vo, pp. 494. Chas. Scribner & Co.

MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

Harper's Magazine opens with three illustrated articles: "Children of the Summer," by J. O. Goodwin; "Count Cavour, and the Unification of Italy," by O. M. Spencer; and Mrs. Helen S. Conant's "Life in Cuba." A finer picture than can be found in either of these articles is the profile of Jefferson, engraved after Gilbert Stuart's beautiful portrait. It is prefixed to a valuable article by Mr. A. H. Guernsey, upon the domestic life of that great man—a man who was even greater than his fame. Prof. T. B. Maury contributes an illustrated article upon "The Telegraph and the Storm." It is not less interesting and more trustworthy than his earlier writings upon physical geography and other scientific subjects. Charles S. Gage has a graceful little poem from the Breton, entitled "Mona"; and a long letter by S. T. Coleridge, upon personal topics, is here published for the first time. The editorial departments are full and interesting—especially the "Drawer" and the "Easy Chair," to which we have an inveterate habit of turning first of all. What a perennial stream of good sense and graceful expression flows from Mr. Curtis's pen! We could only wish that it would make a less pertinacious claim for Tennyson to rank as the greatest of modern poets. We are sorry to notice in the "Scientific Record" of the month the admission, doubtless inadvertent, of what seems to be the advertisement of a quack remedy for cancer. The paragraph is ably concocted, and has had a great circulation as a scientific item; but it bears strong internal evidence of humbug. The "physicians of Quito," the "American faculty," the gentleman who has just "left for Ecuador" to procure the precious remedy, and the absurd story of the Indian woman who so easily diagnosticates an "internal cancer" in her husband's case—a feat that often puzzles the most competent physician—all conspire to make out a pretty clear case against the genuineness of the pretended discovery. It is not with such parade as this that the discoveries of medical science are made. We expect to see in the career of the new "specific for cancer," thus advertised without cost all over the country, and puffed in the editorial columns of our most respectable journals, a case of dexterous imposition that shall surpass anything since the fraud of the "Cardiff Giant." But this enterprise will far outdo that one in the suffering and spoliation that it is likely to inflict upon its victims.

A magazine so prominent as *The Galaxy* should provide better likenesses than those which have lately appeared as frontispieces to its numbers. We do not know why it gives us such poor engraving as that of Mr. Mill's portrait, in the present number. An article upon "The Mediterranean Solar Eclipse of the 22d of December, 1870," gives a personal narrative of the American expedition sent last winter to Sicily, and sketches the principal persons and points of scientific interest connected with that expedition. Elihu Burritt has an essay upon "The Two Burdens of War," in which he discusses the direct cost of keeping up the armaments of Europe, and their withdrawal of five millions of men from productive industries. The expedient of partial disarmament by mutual consent, as proposed by Louis Napoleon, seems to Mr. Burritt the only feasible method of lightening the war-burden of the European nations. Lucy Fountain describes "An Evening with Swinburne." Fanny Barrow tells her adventures in "Signature Hunting" among literary men, and gives pleasant glimpses of most of the eminent signers of her paper, with a score of *fac similes* of the signatures obtained. She well understands how to make an attractive and readable article. Mr. Crapsey records his observations among the wretched tenements of New York, and in the densely crowded blocks, where the population exceeds a thousand to the acre. Mr. McCarthy's and Mrs. Edwards's serial stories are continued; and among several short stories W. L. Alden's "Golden Arrow" is the most noticeable, as calling attention to the frightful abuses practiced by captains of merchant ships upon their crews. Whether this particular account is exact or not we are unable to say; but we have personal knowledge that the horrors of brutality perpetrated by too many sea-captains upon the defenseless sailor are not exaggerated in Mr. Alden's story. They have a soon-forgotten utterance in the ineffectual complaints of sailors before our police courts; and the despots of the quarter-deck are seldom brought to punishment. The usual miscellaneous departments close the number.

Scribner's Monthly has a brilliant article by Mary C. Putnam, M.D., upon "Some of the French Leaders; the Provisional Government of the 4th of September." Picard, Trochu, Gambetta, Jules Favre, and Rochefort are among the men discussed—characters which Miss Putnam has studied from the life, as she lived in Paris for years before the Franco-Prussian War, as well as during the whole course of the siege. The illustrated articles are "Life in the Caucasus," by J. T. Headley, with striking illustrations from a German source; "What are they Doing at Vassar?" by Rev. H. H. McFarland—a detailed account of many of the domestic features of the college; "Living American Artists"; the continuation of George MacDonald's "Wilfrid Cumbermede"; and "An American Art Museum," by J. R. G. Hassard. The designs for the latter are "submitted" by W. H. Beard, an artist who has one qualification that takes the place of others which he lacks. He is always humorous, after a fashion; and, though it may be doubted whether he intended to be funny in this case, there are few readers who will not be amused at his idea of crowding the entrance to an art-gallery with figures of Ignorance and Superstition, and with "lions, hydras, and chimeras dire." Than the "Metropolitan Museum of Art," described by Mr. Hassard, no enterprise now before the public of New York seems to us more worthy. Its committee have already a handsome sum at their hands, and the opportunity to procure Mr. Jarves's valuable collection of Italian pictures as a beginning. There is no reason why we should not soon be well on the way toward the possession of a gallery of paintings that should rank high among art museums, and that would prove as good an investment as the Central Park—near which ground is now breaking for the building—has proved to be. For the American public that time has now arrived which had arrived in 1823 for the British public. Sir George Beaumont, the friend of Wordsworth and the patron of art, then wrote: "I think the public already begin to feel that works of art are not merely toys for connoisseurs, but objects of solid concern to the nation; and those who consider it in the narrowest point of view will perceive that works of high excellence pay ample interest for the money they cost. My belief is that the Apollo, the Venus, the Laocoön, etc., are worth thousands a year to the country which possesses them." We should like to see more about the proposed museums in the magazines. The art criticism in the present number is not unintelligent; but there is some recklessness in the strictures upon Millais.

Lippincott's commences with an essay by Edmond Scherer on "The Great War of 1870," which treats the Franco-Prussian War as thoughtfully, perhaps, as it is possible to treat it without tiring the average reader. For a Frenchman and Parisian (M. Scherer is a writer for the Parisian press) it is unusually cool and impartial. There is a melodious poem, "Dawn and Sundown," by Millie Carpenter; and the first half of a well-imagined story, called "Not Pretty, but Precious." It is blemished, to our taste, by the legal tone of the young wife's letter to her husband—such a letter as would hardly have been written by a woman under any circumstances. A writer upon feminine artifice, in an essay which is called "The Politics of Women," misquotes Tennyson's well-known line about "that fierce light which beats upon a throne." We do not understand how an essayist can allow himself to be so careless as this. The article contains a kindly eulogy of the manners of President Grant; and exhorts us—a needed encouragement—to learn to say "I cannot afford it" with as much frankness as Europeans use in confessing the limitations of pecuniary means. There is a noticeable article on "American Journalism," by John Lesperance, who underrates the French, however, as a reading people. "The Cervaro of 1871" is written by Mrs. McPherson, a niece of Mrs. Jamieson. "Rookstone" is continue in the serial supplement.

The Atlantic opens with an article on "Werewolves and Swan-maidens," by John Fiske, in which the old legends and the new science of legends are brought into juxtaposition. Mr. W. D. Howells photographs American summer-travel, by car and steamboat, in the second installment of "Their Summer Journey." Mr. Fields prints

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Farm and Garden.

FAIRYLAND.*

BY ANNA WARNER.

ALTHOUGH it may be too early yet to make many cuttings, it is just the time to talk about them; considering both what ones to make and how to make them. And here, as I have already promised, I shall simplify my own old rules by intermingling them with those of Mr. Henderson.

First, then, the right time of year for cutting having come, how shall you choose them? From which shoots shall they be taken? For upon the proper ripeness of the cutting will depend part of your success. In all soft-wooded plants, such as fuchsias and verbenas, the shoot should be so tender that it will *break*. If it *bends* under your finger the wood is already too hard to furnish the best cuttings. They might grow, but neither so soon nor so vigorously. In rose and other plants called hard-wooded the shoot for the cutting must be riper. Mr. Henderson says it is not easy to give exact rules; you must try and judge.

Do not attempt to make *long* cuttings. I think from two to four inches is quite enough; and a single inch of your wood is very available, even in the hands of a non-professional. Regular florists, of course, with all their facilities, can work with still less. Make a smooth, clean cut across your shoot, just close below a joint, say the old gardening books; but it seems now that this is not needful for most plants. Clip off some of the lower leaves, if there are many, and set your cuttings pretty close together in three or four inches of sand or earth, covering them up to the first joint. Press the sand firmly around them, water them gently and thoroughly, and then never allow them to stir. If you are trying the "saucer" plan, of which I have spoken before, the cuttings must be kept in the full sunshine, and *more* than wet. If not, let them be shaded lightly and have plenty of air and just water enough. Remove carefully, without disturbing the fixedness of the cuttings, any dead leaves that drop off, so as to keep the surface of the sand fresh and clean; and as soon as the cuttings strike root put them off separately in very small pots. You can easily tell when they are ready for this, for as soon as young leaves begin to start at the top of the cutting it is almost sure that the young roots have started as well. Have fine, light, rich soil in which to put them off; shade them a little for a day or two; and when the white roots begin to creep out at the bottom of the pot skillfully transfer the young plant, with its ball of earth, to a pot just one size larger. And let this last process be continued from time to time, so that the plant may have room to grow without any danger of becoming pot-bound; while, on the other hand, it is not worked by being given much more earth than it is ready to occupy.

Most plants will grow from cuttings of their shoots; others will grow as well, or better, from cuttings of their roots. You know how the long underground stems of roses, which go wandering about and rooting as they go—you know how full they are of buds, just ready to shoot up and be a stem. You may take one of these rambling roots, cut it up in little bits an inch long and full of eyes as potatoe-set; and then, opening a shallow drill in some well-turfed, unoccupied place, you may sow your root-cuttings as if they were beans. Cover them lightly, water them, as them alone, and they will grow to your heart's content. Bonvardias grow better so from cuttings of their shoots; and so does the sweet-scented shrub (*Calycanthus*), and many other plants.

Florists sometimes prepare for their cuttings beforehand by so trimming the plant that it will furnish the proper shoots. For instance, with the verbena Mr. Henderson gives this. In August cut back any plant on which you wish to make cuttings, about an inch; fork up the soil, and give it a dressing of fresh compost. Then by October time will be plenty of first-rate new shoots, just fit for cuttings. But it is rarely needful to do this in any small private garden, for he seldom wishes many plants of any one particular variety, and so enough cuttings to be found without taking special pains to provide them.

My seedling dahlias are coming into bloom finely despite the dry weather. The one that came out of the bouquet section I think, be quite double as it gets earth. The next, large velvety crimson, but semi-double as yet, but very showy. A third, dark red of the brick cast, is as and round and double as a dahlia can ably be. Certainly growing dahlias from a seed is a great idea. My packet of seed cost ten cents; and I have had all the pleasure chasing and watching them, and now (if one may judge by the beginning) they will make grand show; and a certain amount of pure in a garden is useful—helping to conthe blanks, helping to bridge over the inals between one set of loved flowers and ther. One does not *love* dahlias; but I one nearer to it with these seedlings than with my I have ever had. And they do their

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AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

PARIS GREEN AS AN INSECT DESTROYER.

A correspondent of *The Western Farmer* says that other insects than the Colorado potato bug can be destroyed by it—the cabbage, striped bug, the currant worm, and those which feed upon the foliage of trees. He even goes it on his plum trees, to prevent the attacks of the curculio, sprinkling it over the leaves of the tree. He applies it for this last purpose as soon as the leaves are formed, and continues it at intervals of every few days until the first of July. He fastens his pail, with the bottom perforated. He then sets the plant may have room to grow in to a long pole, and dusts the tree while the dew is on the leaves. This can is but a two-quart pail, with the bottom perforated. He says that one pound of Paris Green with 30 times its weight of flour, wheat and rye mixed, as they are more adhesive. In using it for the potato bug, apply when there is a light dew, the plants are too wet, the poison is diluted and will not injure the bugs. A pound of Paris Green is sufficient to go over an acre of ground, if used judiciously. It is sometimes pulverated by the shopkeepers with arsenic, which case its effects are seen in the entire destruction of the leaves and plant as it is applied to. If it were pure, it would not affect plants in the least. This correspondent has seen no bad effects from its use, and says that, with ordinary care, there is no danger. The Detroit *Free Press* says the potato bug is increasing Eastward faster than people have any idea of.

"Every chip, plank, stave, bark, shed, and floating thing, large or small, in-door or channel, in stream or eddy, was filled with a crew of potato bugs, calm, contented, as much at home as if feasting on the potato."

Most of them were taken by the wind over to the Canada shore; others "struck a log and rapidly down the rapid current, Eastward bound, *via* Lake Erie to Buffalo."

And it is said they will either disembark at Buffalo or continue their course on the Erie Canal. Now, leaving all pleasantries out of the question, it will not be at all strange if the potato bugs should make their appearance in the vicinity of Buffalo in the course of the season. Indeed, it would rather surprising if they did not secure transportation on some of the passing propellers, and finally reach the potato-fields of Western New York. Meantime, says the *Press*, "the potato bug possesses the power. Farmers do not hope to save the crop of it. From all parts of the state (of Michigan) the same cry comes up, and potatoes are greatly risen in price. Let the citizens of New York pray shipwreck of the fleet on Lake Erie."

There seems to be but two remedies for this pest. One is picking off the bugs—which, as they get so numerous, is impracticable; and the other is Paris Green. The *Free Press* says: "All sorts of remedies have been tried. Paris Green seems to have the most reliance placed upon it. The druggists of Detroit have their stock exhausted. One firm disposed of a ton in three days. Telegraph orders have been transmitted to New York to forward us all speed a new supply."

MAKING MONEY IN STOCK.

A certain cattle feeder in Kentucky buys annually every fall fifty head of calves, generally at $20 each. He is particular to select good stock, and rarely ever buys anything for the sake of cheap prices. He fattens the cattle until they are four years of age, when they are sold. Their average is about 1,700 pounds; at 6 cts., $102. Deduct cost, $20, and the farmer pockets a profit of $82. He states that the best is the only stock worth having, and the expense of feeding but little more than that for scrub stock.

"I once bought fifty scrub calves at $10 each; total $500. I fed these till four years old, and sold them at 5 cts., the average being 1,200 pounds; total $3,000. In this operation I lost $2,100; that is, my outlay for feed was the same as would be required to carry a lot of grade steers, that would bring me over $5,000—the only difference being the interest on $600 in the original purchase. Then, again, I can contract my grade steers months in advance of selling time, if I wish; and thereby raise $2,000 or $3,000 at a nominal rate of interest, with which to buy more young stock and keep up my supply of feed. Whereas I can only market my scrub steers when ready to ship, and the buyer always wants advantages and concessions not pleasant or profitable for any feeder to yield to."

THE FLOWERS OF COLORADO.

An Eastern botanist, writing from Cañon City to a friend in the East, says:

"You can imagine what a splendid time I am having among the flowers of Colorado. Almost every one is new to me, for I have found only one familiar Connecticut flower (*Gaylussia*). Perhaps it is on account of their strange look that I think them superior in beauty to Eastern flowers. The land now is full of varieties of lupine—purple, pink and blue; and other *Leguminosæ* are out in great abundance. I always have a tumbler of fresh flowers on my table, and a shallow plate on which I place cones of cacti; and there they blossom as well as out of doors. One day I had sixteen cactus flowers, five red, flaming from my tin plate. There are at least six varieties of cactus here, and they are all now coming into bloom. Some are round, like balls; and some are great cones, made up of innumerable smaller cones, sprinkled over with an infinite number of red buds and blossoms, and covered with coarse, long, sharp, stiff needles. They are at the same time objects of admiration and of terror. Many sleepless seconds have I spent thinking how I shall conquer them, and imprison them in a *hortus sicca*. However good a plan I may think out, when I try to put it in practice the thorns prick most terribly. When out gathering them for my tin plate, I have a botanical butcher-knife, cut off a cone, stick the knife into it, and transfer it to my can; on reaching my room I tip it out on to the plate. A good plan in theory; but in practice very hard on the fingers, and somewhat conducive to irritation."

BUTTER MAKING IN NEBRASKA.

M. Maher, a good farmer in Nebraska, invested, in the spring of 1869, $500 in ten cows, and began making butter in March and continued until November. During the season 1,004 pounds of butter were sold, at an average of thirty cents per pound, realizing $300. Ten calves from the cows were worth $160. Total $460, on an investment of $500, or 92 per cent. on the money. The season of 1869, however, was very favorable, for it was wet and there was a very fine growth of grass. The results of the summer of 1870 are equally encouraging. With a few changes, the most of the milch cows were kept over. Starting in the spring with twelve good cows, whose value was $600 dollars, the amount of butter sold was 1,441 pounds, at an average value of 27½ cents per pound—$360.25. There were twelve calves (two of which are not counted—one dying by disease, the other being destroyed by a mountain lion), whose value was $150, at least. Thus realizing $510 on $600, or 85 per cent. And the past season was very unfavorable, being the dryest for several years.

A BIG DAIRY.

It is said that the second largest dairy in America (the first being that of Chas. Webb Howard, of California) is located about four miles from St. Louis. There are 500 cows in the stable. They are attended by Swiss milkers. The chief food used is ground corn, mixed with malt and oil-meal, cooked by steam. The average amount of material consumed per day is about 400 bushels of malt, 6,000 pounds cut hay, fifty bushels of corn, meal, fifteen sacks of bran and oil-meal; cut hay and bran mixed together are also furnished. The summer pasturage of this mammoth dairy embraces an area of over 1,000 acres of fine rolling land, with numerous springs of cold water. The average daily yield of milk at the present time is 800 gallons, with eighty gallons of cream.

WOMAN FARMING IN KANSAS.

Miss Maricetta Childs, last year, with the aid of a girl 13 years old, set out 10 acres of cottonwood trees upon her farm on Oak Creek. The trees were planted 6 feet apart, in rows 8 feet from each other. A boy marked the rows with a plow. The trees were pulled from land broken the year previous. The whole cost besides her labor was $20. The profit from these ten acres, we believe, in ten years, will be greater than ten crops of wheat or corn would be. Miss Childs, this year, on her homestead near Crete, has put out 1,000 shade trees, besides apple trees, gooseberry and raspberry bushes, and strawberry vines.—*Saline Co. Post.*

SULPHATE OF IRON FOR FRUIT TREES.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says that copperas and saltpeter around pear trees will show itself in a large yield of fruit. He tried this mixture on a Bartlett pear, which had yielded no fruit for two years previous. The tree (a dwarf) yielded after the application 155 fine large pears, and the following year 250 equally fine ones. If pear trees want iron, which most soils are deficient in, sulphate of iron or copperas is a good way to supply the deficiency.

BEET SUGAR IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Five acres of land on the Massachusetts Agricultural College Farm have been sown to sugar beets. Outside parties in the vicinity are also growing some of the beets, so that 100 tons are expected next fall. Machinery for manufacturing sugar will be put upon the college farm this summer.

$10 FROM 50 CTS.!

Something urgently needed by everybody. Call and examine, or 12 Samples sent (postage paid) for Fifty Cents that retail easily for Ten Dollars.
DR. R. L. WOLCOTT,
No. 181 CHATHAM SQUARE, New York.

AGRICULTURAL.

PLYMOUTH COLONY,
In Jefferson County, Nebraska,
AN ESTABLISHED FACT.

The testimony of ten practical men, who went recently on a purpose to examine the 50,000 acres to be occupied by this Colony, some of them on their own account, and some in behalf of others, is given *gratis*, with much other valuable information concerning Nebraska, maps, etc., etc., sent free on application. The opportunity, first offered to the descendants of the Pilgrims, and those who adopt their principles, is meeting with a noble and enthusiastic response. Hundreds of letters of inquiry have been received, and a most encouraging beginning has been made, although the plan has been before the people but *two months*. The town of Plymouth has been located, and several whole sections (a section is 640 acres) have been taken in parcels of 160 acres each, by *actual settlers*, some of whom propose to open their farms *this season*. Several will have "breaking" done *this month*. Pioneers Council will soon be organized, from its very inception, the blessings of living Eastward faster than people have any idea of. Christian civilization: a homogeneous people, with our Christian institutions, accompanied by Christian institutions, and by all the common industries of a well-ordered town, combined with the mercantile, mechanical, and agricultural interests of a thriving, well-to-do farming neighborhood.

Just as we were sending this advertisement off, a letter came from Mr. J. E. Dumont, of Dorlington, Wis., saying: "I have visited the Plymouth Colony lands, and am delighted therewith. For myself and friends I have selected the following: viz.: north ½ sec. 4, sec. corner 4; north ½ sec. 5; northwest ¼ sec. 8, all in township 3, range 3 east." When the "ten" were at Lincoln, on their way back, they met Mr. D. on his way to Plymouth Colony Lands.

These lands cannot be surpassed either in beauty or fertility, and they can be had NOW at prices ranging generally from $4.00 to $6.00 per acre, on TEN YEARS' CREDIT, at six per cent. interest. Those who prefer to pay cash will have a deduction of fourteen per cent. from the low credit prices.

EXPLORING LAND BUYERS' TICKETS will be returned or allowed in pay-ment for land, if bought within thirty days from date of ticket. These tickets can be bought at Burlington or at Plattsmouth, and of numerous authorized sweats. Those given to our land buyers A FREE PASS out and back in the State and on the Railroad where the land is located.

The following gentlemen have consented to act as members of a committee of information for those who desire to join hands in building up a Colony on strictly temperance and Christian principles: Rev. W. TABLE-MAN, Boston, Mass.; Rev. H. P. Roussaz, at the Land Department of the B. & M. R. R. Co., Lincoln, Neb.; and Rev. DAVID E. JONES, office at the Land Department of the B. & M. R. R. Co., Burlington, Iowa.

The Genuine Mason Fruit Jar,
WITH
PORCELAIN LINED COVER.

The leading, most popular, and reliable jar in the market, combining all the advantages of a

GLASS TOP JAR

with the strength of a metallic cap. It will be found *greatly superior to all others* for the following reasons:

Simplicity in operation and readiness with which it can be sealed.

Strength and durability.

Ease with which it can be opened, and without risk of breaking either Jar or cover.

For sale by all the leading dealers throughout the country, and manufactured solely by the

SHEET-METAL SCREW CO.,
66 Warren street, New York.

Iowa and Nebraska Lands.—Send for circular to GEO. S. HARRIS, Commissioner, Burlington, Iowa.

Double Refined Perrettes. LODI MANUFACTURING CO., 68 Cortlandt street, New York.

FRESH
BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME,
Bone Flour,
Bone Meal.

We offer our Fertilizers as PURE, and defy any one to find the slightest evidence of adulteration.

Send for circulars.

LISTER BROTHERS,
Newark, N. J.

THE L. GREEN PLOW.

Superior to all others in these respects: It has a quick cut, it lifts well to the ground, it runs a depth full as level, even in rough and stony land. It turns its furrow with unparalleled perfection, even on any soil, any subsoil. It pulverizes it evenly such a manner as to secure an extent that is unsurpassed by any other plow. It will run all kinds of soil where will wear longer and remain sharper than any other. Simplicity is power than any other. The saving of power is the most characteristic feature of these plows, and is due to the perfect form of the land-side, mold-board, and share, by which the greatest possible avoidance of friction is effected. Then we use no cast-iron, or large clumsy bolts, but have them where they belong, and where the best engineering would place them. Send for a Circular. AGENTS WANTED. Address
POUGHKEEPSIE (N. Y.) PLOW COMPANY.

MUSIC, PIANOS, ETC.

E. & G. G. HOOK & HASTINGS, ORGAN BUILDERS, Boston, Mass.

CHAPEL ORGANS.

The manufacture of a new class of small PIPE Organs or "CHAPEL ORGANS" is now a specialty in our business, an assortment of which we shall endeavor to keep on hand for ready sale.

They are adapted for use in CHURCHES, CHAPELS, PARLOR, LODGES and SCHOOLS.

Prices from $500 to $1,500.

Illustrated catalogues sent on application.

E. & G. G. HOOK & HASTINGS,
Church and Chapel Organ Builders.
BOSTON, MASS.

AHEAD OF ALL OTHERS
IS THE
PEARL,
FOR
SABBATH SCHOOLS,
BY J. M. KIEFFER.

The best and most popular collection of Sunday-school Music published. Everything new.

NEW, BRIGHT, AND BEAUTIFUL.

Don't select a new book until you have examined

THE PEARL.

A single copy mailed on receipt of 25 cents. Price: Boards in boards, 35 cents; $3.60 per dozen; $30 per hundred.
Sold by all Booksellers.

S. BRAINARD & SONS,
Publishers, Cleveland, O.

"Is PURE GOLD
the best Singing Book for Sunday-schools?" This inquiry is answered by the fact that
161,000 Copies
have been sold, and "PURE GOLD" is not yet three months old! Send 25 cents for a copy, in paper cover.

"BRIGHT JEWELS," "FRESH LAURELS," "GOLDEN CENSER," "GOLDEN SHOWER," "GOLDEN CHAIN" are all popular, and any Sunday-school may confidently order either, as these publications outrank all others.

For Sale at most Book and Music Stores.

BIGLOW & MAIN,
425 Broome Street, New York,
SUCCESSORS TO WM. B. BRADBURY.

HOME CIRCLE, Vol. 1.
" 2.
" 3.
PIANIST'S ALBUM.
PIANO-FORTE GEMS.

The above splendid books belong to what is known as

The Home Circle Series,

and have become almost indispensable to teachers, and to all persons wishing *the largest* collection of the best instrumental music at the lowest price. The music may be placed on the PIANO-FORTE, MELODEON, or CABINET ORGAN.

Price of each book in Boards, $2.50; in Cloth, $3.00; Full Gilt, for presents, $4.00.

Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

PIANOS. (425 Broome st., New York) ORGANS.

C. M. TREMAINE & BRO.,
PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURERS

and General Agents for the BURDETT COMBINATION ORGAN, containing Carpenter and Burdett's new improvements.

THE GREATEST SUCCESS OF THE AGE!

The disagreeable, reedy tone is entirely overcome in this instrument! The verdict is unanimous!! We challenge the world to equal it!!!

We can furnish new Seven Octave Piano-Fortes from $275 to $950, Second-hand Pianos, Organs, and Melodeons, from $40 to $250. New Cabinet Organs, $45 to $1,000.

Geo. Steck & Co.'s
GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT
PIANOS

are now everywhere recognized as the best. For fine and SYMPATHETIC TONE, for thorough workmanship and the greatest possible DURABILITY, they are wholly unrivaled. The Steck Cabinet or Parlor Grand, combining several most important improvements, *patented*, is pronounced by all who examine it to be the Most PERFECT Piano of this class ever produced. Every instrument warranted for five years. *Pianos sold on installments.*

NEW WAREROOMS, 25 East 14th street.

BERGÉ PIANOS.
Acknowledged by all the Leading Artists to be the Best Made, Finest Tone, and Most Durable of any Piano before the Public.

SIX FIRST PREMIUMS IN SEPT., 1870.

MANUFACTORY 173 and 175 LEWIS ST.
WAREROOMS 18 EAST 14th ST., NEW YORK.
Illustrated Catalogues and Price-Lists sent by mail.
PIANOS TO RENT AND SOLD ON INSTALLMENTS.

SONGS OF SALVATION.
By T. E. PERKINS
AND
SONGS OF SALVATION.
Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

The Popular Book of To-day. For all our Sunday-schools. T. E. PERKINS, Publisher, 143 Eighth street, New York.

THE EXCELLENT
CHAMBERS PIANOS.

EXCELLENT IN QUALITY, MODERATE PRICES. Send for a Circular, with references and testimonials.
THOS. H. CHAMBERS & SON,
Nos. 99 and 101 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

"THE PRIZE," at Reduced Rates.

THE PRIZE FOR OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, by Geo. F. Root, published by us about fourteen months ago, has reached an issue so much in excess of

100,000 COPIES

that we celebrate the event by reducing its price. Though it contains 32 pages more than similar books, its price after this date will be the same as that of "Charm." Single copy in boards, 35 cts.; $3.75 a doz.; or $25 a hundred. The "Prize" is the cheapest as well as one of the very best books extant.
CHICAGO, July 1, 1871. ROOT & CADY.

WM. KNABE & CO.,
ESTABLISHED 1837, BALTIMORE, MD. MANUFACTURERS OF GRAND, SQUARE, AND PERFECTION PIANO-FORTES. WAREROOMS, 112 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. J. BAUER & CO., GENERAL AGENTS. PIANOS TO RENT AND SOLD ON INSTALLMENTS.

$290 for 1st class Pianos, Sent on trial. No Agents. Address U. S. PIANO Co., 645 Broadway, N. Y.

MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS. New Styles, Reduced Prices. Send for Circulars

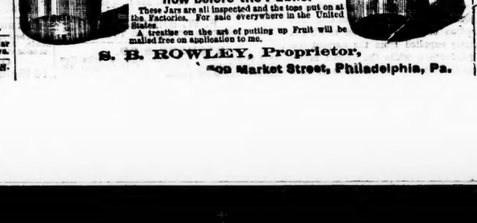
THE CONNECTICUT GENERAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
Hartford, Conn.
ASSETS, $1,000,000.

This Company has recently adopted a new plan of insurance, termed SAVINGS ENDOWMENT. Also a new system of applying dividends, by which the amount of insurance is largely increased. Both plans have been carefully matured and recommended by the eminent Actuary, Sheppard Homans, Esq.

AGENTS WANTED.

EDWARD W. PARSONS, President. THOMAS W. RUSSELL, Secretary.
SHEPPARD HOMANS, Consulting Actuary. F. V. HUDSON, Sup't. of Agencies.

THE HERO, GEM, AND PEARL FRUIT JARS
are pronounced by all who use them to be the
MOST RELIABLE, SIMPLE, AND CONVENIENT



OF ANY BEFORE THE PUBLIC. THEY HAVE TAKEN FIRST PREMIUMS OVER ALL OTHERS IN EVERY STATE AND COUNTY FAIR WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN EXHIBITED.

THERE WILL BE NO LOSS OF TIME SPARED IN SEALING THEM TO KEEP THEM THE BEST OF ANY JARS IN THE MARKET.

15 Millions of these Jars have been Sold
IN THE UNITED STATES SINCE THEIR INTRODUCTION, THE LARGEST SALE NOW BEING

Greater than any other Four Jars now before the Public.

These Jars are all inspected and the tops put on at the Factories. For sale everywhere in the United States.

A treatise on the art of putting up Fruit will be mailed free on application to me.

S. B. ROWLEY, Proprietor,
[illegible] Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

INSURANCE.

OFFICE OF THE
MERCANTILE
MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY,
No. 35 Wall Street.
New York, January 16th, 1871.

☞ THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT OF THE affairs of the Company on the 31st December, 1870, is submitted in conformity with the requirements of its Charter:

Premiums outstanding December 31st, 1869,	$283,0[illegible]
Premiums received during the year 1870,	1,[illegible]
TOTAL PREMIUMS	$1,[illegible]
Premiums marked off as earned for January 1st to December 31st, 1870	$1,091,511 52
Less return Premiums	50,[illegible]
NET EARNED PREMIUMS	$1,[illegible]
Paid during the same period:	
Losses, Expenses, Commissions, and Re-insurance, less Salvages	$981,254 11
Cash paid to Stockholders for interest	$81,841 02
Cash paid to Dividend of Mutual Companies	$126,733 20
The Assets of the Company on the 31st December, 1870, were as follows:	
United States, State, Bank, and other Stocks	$[illegible]
Loans on Stocks and other Securities,	70,[illegible]
Cash on hand and in Banks, and with Foreign Bankers	77,125 01
Interest on Investments due, but not collected	5,[illegible]
Bills receivable and Premiums due and collectable	521,927 41
Security Notes	350,000 [illegible]
Scrip, Salvages, and other Claims due the Company	2[illegible]
	$1,[illegible]

☞ The Board of Trustees have resolved to pay to the Stockholders an interest Dividend of THREE AND ONE-HALF (3½) PER CENT free of Government Tax, on and after WEDNESDAY, February 1st.

TRUSTEES.

JAMES FREELAND, SAMUEL WILLETS, ROBERT L. TAYLOR, WILLIAM T. FROST, WILLIAM WATT, JAMES D. FISH, ELLWOOD WALTER, D. COLDEN MURRAY, TOWNSEND SCUDDER, SAMUEL L. BAM, HENRY GRAY, N. L. McCREADY, WILLIAM NELSON, JR., HAROLD DOLLNER, JOS. WILLETS, A. FOSTER HIGGINS, FRANCIS HATHAWAY, AARON L. REID, JOHN D. WOOD, GEORGE W. HENNINGS, HENRY EYRE, JOSEPH SLAGG, EDWARD MERRITT, DANIEL T. WILLETS, L. EDGERTON, BENRY K. BUNHARDT, JOHN S. WILLIAMS, CHARLES DIMON, PAUL N. SPOFFORD, JAMES DOUGLAS.

ELLWOOD WALTER, President.
ARCH'D G. MONTGOMERY, Jr., Vice-Pres't.
ALANSON W. HEGEMAN, 2d Vice-Pres't.
C. J. DESPARD, Secretary.

CONDENSED STATEMENT
OF
The MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
OF NEW YORK,

P. S. WINSTON.....PRESIDENT.
RICHARD A. McCURDY.....VICE-PRESIDENT.

141 AND 143 BROADWAY.

For its Twenty-eighth Fiscal Year,

BEING FOR THE YEAR ENDING DEC. 31st, 1870.

Net Assets, January 1, 1870	$35,211,383 71
RECEIPTS.	
Premiums	$12,169,777 24
Interest	2,[illegible] 14,647,490 [illegible]
	$49,859,073 71
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Claims by Deaths and Maturity of Policies	$2,[illegible]
Dividends or Return Premiums	2,[illegible]
Policies purchased	1,[illegible]
Expenses (2.23 per cent.)	1,[illegible] 7,[illegible]
Net Assets, Dec. 31, 1870	$42,[illegible]
Increase in Net Assets for the year	$7,170,833 85
Invested as follows:	
Cash in Bank and Trust Companies at Interest	2,[illegible]
Loans on Bond and Mortgage	2,[illegible]
Government Stocks, cost	2,[illegible]
Real Estate, cost	$[illegible]
Balances due from Agents, in course of transmission	[illegible]
	$42,[illegible]
Add:	
Interest accrued or due	$[illegible]
Deferred Premiums and Premiums not yet reported on Policies in force	1,[illegible]
Market Value of Stocks in excess of cost	4[illegible]
Gross Assets, Dec. 31, 1870	$44,[illegible]

POLICY AND RISK ACCOUNT.

	Number.	Amount.
Policies Issued and Restored during the year	13,[illegible]	$[illegible]
Policies in force December 31, 1870	71,371	224,[illegible]

☞ The Board of Trustees have authorized a return of overpayments of premiums to the amount of [illegible] millions of dollars, which may be subsequently increased.

These overpayments will be returned to policyholders, or they may elect, in cash or in the form of additional insurance, as soon as the equitable portion of profits can be determined upon the anniversary of sixty days from the close of the fiscal year, as provided in the charter.

SHEPPARD HOMANS, *Actuary.*
L. C. HUNTINGTON, *Actuary.*
JOHN M. STEARNS, *Secretary.*
C. E. HOPKINS, *Assistant Sec'y. Secretary.*
C. A. HOPKINS, *Cashier.*
WILLIAM BEERS, LL.D., }
HON. LUCIUS ROBINSON, } *Counsel.*
HON. REUBEN H. WALWORTH, }

ISAAC E. KIP, M. D., } *Medical Examiners.*
G. S. WINSTON, M. D., }

12TH SCRIP DIVIDEND, 1871.
60 PER CENT.

AMERICAN
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
EQUITABLE BUILDING,
120 BROADWAY.

Cash Capital, - - $400.000 00.
Assets, July 1, 1871, - 1.008.135 73.

NEW YORK, July 10th, 1871.

☞ THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS HAVE DECLARED:

1. A Scrip Dividend of SIXTY PER CENT. to Policyholders entitled thereto. Certificates to be issued August 10th.
2. Interest at the rate of SIX PER CENT. on outstanding Scrip, payable Aug. 15th.
3. That the scrip issue of 1865 be paid in cash Aug. 15th, being the same date that the scrip issue of 1866 was paid.
4. A Cash Dividend of TEN PER CENT., payable to Stockholders July 12th.

THOS. L. THORNELL,
Secretary.

GOOD AS GOLD!
A LIFE POLICY IN THE
NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO.
OF MILWAUKEE, WIS.
Assets, - - $9,000,000 00.

UNIVERSAL LIFE INS. CO.,
NEW YORK CITY.
THE ORIGINAL JOINT STOCK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF THE UNITED STATES.
WILLIAM WALKER, President.
HENRY J. FURBER, Vice-President.
JOHN H. HEWLEY, Secretary.
EDWARD W. LAMBERT, M.D., Medical Examiner.

REPUBLIC LIFE INSURANCE CO.
JOHN V. FARWELL, Pres.
409 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
103 LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO.

THE CONNECTICUT GENERAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
Hartford, Conn.
ASSETS, $1,000,000.

This Company has recently adopted a new plan of insurance, termed SAVINGS ENDOWMENT. Also a new system of applying dividends, by which the amount of insurance is largely

Insurance.

THE STABILITY OF LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

As many persons are deterred from insuring their lives by a feeling of uncertainty as to the correctness of the system, and whether in consequence the companies will be able in the future to perform their contracts, we present our readers with an article on the subject taken from a recent number of the *Protector*. It interprets the elements of life insurance, and demonstrates that, if the principles which govern the institution are faithfully adhered to, the future safety of a life insurance company, under our state supervision, is complete.

The following is the article we allude to:

"We have been frequently invited to explain in what consists the security of a life insurance company, and of its performing its contracts in the future. In other words, supposing a company to be perfectly sound to-day, is there any assurance that it will be equally so say twenty years hence?

"In entering upon this explanation, we must give somewhat in detail the principle that governs the entire system, and this we will endeavor to do as briefly as possible.

"In the first place, it has been ascertained, after an experience of many years, that the average duration of a large number of lives can be estimated with absolute certainty. It is consequently an easy matter to calculate how much annual premium must be charged, which, when left to accumulate at compound interest for this average of years, will amount to the sum insured. This is called the cost of insurance; and, if it is regularly paid into a company, say upon 1,000 lives, which is the smallest number from which an average can be deduced, it is evident that the amount so received must be sufficient to pay off the sum for which these 1,000 lives are assured as they become claims. To cover the expense of conducting the business, a further small charge is added.

Now all that is necessary to keep a life company forever solvent is to preserve intact this cost of insurance, which must necessarily be sufficient to cover for all time its present and future liabilities.

"For instance, we will say that 1,000 lives are assured for $1,000 each at the age of 30; this will amount to $1,000,000. The annual premium will be in all first-class mutual companies $23,700, including the charge for conducting the business. The average duration of these 1,000 lives will be 35 years. Now these annual payments, computed at 4 per cent. compound interest, which is the assumed rate, will for this period amount to a sum not only sufficient to pay off the $1,000,000 for which the company is liable on the policies it has issued, but also to cover all possible expenses and contingencies incurred in the meantime.

"This is a familiar illustration of the principle. It may, however, be said that these 1,000 persons, or the greater portion of them, will die before the expiration of the 35 years. This is not so, as their expectancy of life is based upon a natural law which has never been know to err.

"A natural inquiry now suggests itself: How do companies pay dividends? It will be observed that in the calculation alluded to a rate of interest has been assumed considerably below what is currently obtained. This additional rate creates a very great difference in a company's receipts, and is, of course, considered as so much profit. Although it is generally admitted that the time can hardly be predicted when the rate of interest in this country will fall below the present standard; yet, with this possible contingency, it has been judged wise to fix upon a very low figure, so that the future may not disturb present calculations.

"A further source of profit arises from the charge for expenses and contingencies being in excess of what is absolutely required. This has also been a precaution taken for the same reason.

"The surplus fund, therefore, from which dividends or returns are made is absolutely derived from these two circumstances, and becomes more or less as a company is well managed—which means that its assets have been judiciously invested; that its expenses are conducted with a view to economy, and that its death rate or mortality is kept well within the estimate by a proper selection of risks.

"We will now say a word about the 'reserve fund,' about which so much has already been written. It should in reality be described as representing that portion of the premium which we have alluded to as the cost of insurance, inasmuch as it is an amount of money which covers the *present* valuation of a company's liabilities; or, if annually added to by the net premiums on outstanding risks, and allowed to accumulate at compound interest, will meet each claim as it becomes due.

"The average age, as already stated, which men of 30 will reach is 65. In other words, as many out of 1,000 will live after as will die before that period. In this way a life company has certain fixed data on which to make its calculations; but, as among newly-selected lives the number of deaths is below the average, it is necessary to reserve so much of the net premium as will in consequence not be called upon at first to meet death claims, in order to have a sufficient fund in hand for subsequently increased mortality.

"What is it, then, that insures the future stability of a life company? Simply the safe custody of the 'reserve'—a guaranty for which the public have in the constant and yearly supervision of the Insurance Department; and if, as is the case with leading companies, there is a surplus beyond, it affords additional proof of strength and an evidence of judicious management."

Financial & Commercial.

A TRUTH OR A SLANDER.

The New York *Times*, of July 20th, 1871, without any mincing of words, brands Mayor Hall and Controller Connolly, of the City of New York, as "thieves and swindlers," and challenges them to a suit for libel, declaring its readiness to meet them in a court of justice and prove the truth of the charge. It presents the bills paid by warrants signed by these officials for keeping ten city armories in repair for the period of nine months as follows:

A. J. Garvey, for plastering	$197,380 24
John H. Keyser, for plumbing	142,329 71
J. H. Ingersoll, for chairs	170,729 60
G. S. Miller, for carpenter work	434,054 81
Total	$941,453 86

The swindling and stealing, as stated by the *Times*, consist in paying over these large amounts to outside parties for work done on account of the city, and then receiving back no inconsiderable portion of it, which was divided "between Tweed, Sweeny, Hall, and Connolly." "The two last," being "signers of the warrants, are the chief thieves." "This, we say, was robbery, and for committing it Hall and his colleagues are thieves. Is that clear enough for them to understand?"

Giving other and still more terrible evidence to the same effect, the *Times* on the 22d of July adds a series of accounts for furniture of the new Court House, and repairs done to the same building, during the years 1869 and 1870, yet not covering the whole of either year, which in the aggregate amount to **$5,663,646 83**. For the payment of these accounts warrants were drawn by Mayor Hall and Controller Connolly, and indorsed by one J. H. Ingersoll, who, according to the *Times*, acted as the agent of these swindling transactions. On the 24th of July the *Times* adds a second series of accounts, chiefly for plastering and repairs done to the new Court House during the same period, which were paid by warrants drawn by the same officials, and which amount to **$2,870,465 06**. These enormous sums were, with a few minor exceptions, expended in furnishing and repairing the new Court House during a period of less than two whole years. Such is the exhibit of facts presented with detailed minuteness by the *Times* to substantiate its declaration that Mayor Hall and Controller Connolly are "thieves and swindlers." The whole matter is put down in black and white, with a distinct and positive specification of items, and with the assurance given to the public that more statements of the same sort are yet to come.

In all the history of journalism we have never read a bolder and more explicit charge, which, if true, ought to consign the persons accused to everlasting infamy; and which, if not true, places the *Times* in the category of a most reckless and wanton slanderer. We have here no general talk about the Tammany Ring; but rather specific allegations against legal officers, naming them as individuals, and challenging them to test the question of fact by a suit at law. If these gentlemen have any desire to defend their reputation and obtain a redress for the injury, if such has been done, by exemplary damages, they now have the fullest opportunity of doing so. No honest man can be true to himself if he silently and patiently bears such a tremendous attack upon his good name. Silence would naturally be construed by the people as a virtual confession of guilt. The charge is deliberate, publicly made, and evidently meant to damage the reputation of the persons named. There never was a clearer case for an action on the ground of libel.

Mayor Hall and Controller Connolly will show their self-appreciation and pluck by giving the *Times* a chance to meet them in a court of law. They are public men in the City of New York, holding high official positions; and they certainly owe it to themselves, as well as to the credit of the city, not to deal leniently with this bold and defiant accuser, who evidently courts the privilege of being sued. They are recognized as prominent members of the Tammany Ring, the great head-center of the Democratic party in the State of New York; and, unless they fully vindicate themselves, not by newspaper discussion, but by the adjudication of law, Tammany ought to lose no time in excluding them from its communion.

As for the *Times*, all will at once conclude that it is either guilty of the grossest injustice to Mayor Hall and Controller Connolly, for which it ought to be severely punished in pecuniary damages, or entitled to the hearty thanks of the people, for hunting up and exposing a most outrageous fraud. Journalism, when it becomes slanderous, should be held to its sharpest responsibility; yet, when it speaks the truth for the protection and benefit of the public, it should be warmly commended. That New York City has been terribly swindled by officials is a very general impression; and, if the *Times*, having the legal opportunity to do so, shall establish this charge in respect to two of these officials, then the people will know by the verdict of a jury where at least a part of the money has gone. It recognizes the principle that a debt is never paid until it is paid. We publish his letter not to make him known, though all such men will bear being known; but rather to present to our readers a good example in the way of business. One object of these columns, while giving the statistics and current literature of finance, is to inculcate sound morals in the business relations of life.

THE VIADUCT RAILROAD IN NEW YORK.

The theory of this road is to furnish steam transit from the lower part of the City of New York to its northern extremity—as far north, at least, as Harlem River, if not into Westchester County. The great difficulty attending the project is the vast expense of procuring the right of way and constructing the road. A railway enterprise may be so costly as to be virtually impracticable for this reason. We do not say that this is the fact with the Viaduct Railroad proposed to be built in New York City; yet we have seen some figures on this subject that are at least worth considering.

The estimated cost for the right of way, construction, and equipment is placed at $60,000,000. No one pretends that it will cost a less sum, and the probability is that even this large amount would in the end be found insufficient to complete the enterprise. Take this sum as a basis of calculation, and then will the road ever pay as an investment of capital? Would capitalists be likely to subscribe the amount, expecting to keep their capital good and make it earn the usual rate of interest? The annual interest that must be earned would be $4,200,000, and the running expenses and keeping the road in repair would be at least as much more, making an aggregate of $8,400,000. If we put the fare at five cents, it would require 84,000,000 of passengers in each year to earn the interest on the investment, and at ten cents for the fare the number of passengers would be 42,000,000. At the first estimate the number of passengers would be equal to the moving of the whole present population of New York City over the road once in every four days; and at the second estimate the same result would take place once in every eight days. We gravely doubt whether, upon either estimate, the requisite number of passengers could be found, and whether they could be safely carried, even if they were found. The road manifestly has no business prospects of sufficient promise to invite private capital in anything like the amount necessary to build it. Placed on this basis, it will never be built for the want of funds.

The charter authorizes the City of New York to subscribe $5,000,000 when there shall be a stock subscription of $1,000,000—making an aggregate of $6,000,000; yet this is but one-tenth of the estimated cost. Where will the other nine-tenths come from? There is but one answer to this question. The City of New York must furnish the funds, by issuing its bonds, and largely increasing its own indebtedness. Will it, then, be wise for the city to undertake an enterprise which, on account of its great cost, offers no inducement to private capital, and look for the compensation not in the direct profits arising therefrom, but in general benefits to its growth and prosperity? That there will be many advantages accruing from such a road admits of no doubt; yet, whether these advantages will compensate the city for the indebtedness it must incur, is a question that ought to be thoroughly considered before the enterprise is launched. Is there no cheaper way of gaining the same end? Would not an underground road cost much less, and serve the purpose about equally well? Would not belt roads (two belt roads, constructed on the improved docks which it is proposed to build around the city—the one for passengers, the other for freight) be a wiser solution of the problem? We submit these suggestions and ask these questions not in any spirit of hostility to the Viaduct Railroad, but rather to excite thought on the whole subject. It ought to be freely discussed on all sides before the city is committed to it.

MONEY MARKET.

There are always predictions of a tight money market when a demand comes from the West and the South upon our banks for currency to move the crops; and it is very likely that a tightening of loans will be the rule two or three months hence, when the fall business shall be at its hight, and the new crop of grain and cotton will be finding their way to an Eastern market. But our bankers and money-lenders are making loans at 60 and 90 days at 5 per cent., which does not indicate any apprehension on their part of a very tight squeeze. Something always happens, however, to make money active in the latter quarter of the year, and it will not be prudent to calculate on an escape from such a contingency the present year. At present, however, money is so abundant, so easily obtained, and the rates of interest so low, that many refuse to provide against a possible scarcity sixty or ninety days hence, and prefer making loans from day to day at 3 per cent. to taking large amounts at 5 per cent. for a longer time. Last week the ruling rate of interest on call loans was lower than we have ever known before. 8 per cent. on call loans, with miscellaneous securities, and a margin of 20 per cent., was the common rate; but there were a good many loans at 2 and 2½ per cent., and these rates have continued since the present week opened. A good deal of currency has been required for crop-moving purposes, too, and the unusually heavy purchases which have been made of domestic cotton goods have called for more money than has usually been required in midsummer; but the absence of speculative movements in Wall Street, and the extraordinary accumulations of money at the great financial centers of Europe, where the rates of interest are lower than they are here, relieve us from all pressure, and render it difficult for our bankers and trust companies to employ their surplus funds to advantage. An agent of one of our savings banks was down-town one day this week trying to loan money at 5 per cent. for 90 days, but without success.

Some of our Western correspondents imagine, from the great abundance of money in Wall Street, that the holders are in want of some permanent securities in which to invest it, and generously offer to supply some which bear 7 and 8 per cent. interest. But our market is full of good investment stocks which pay from 7 to 10 per cent., and which are selling below par. But the money now pressing upon the market is only held temporarily, and the holders are afraid to part with it except for a limited period. But, as they gradually learn that our wealth has increased more rapidly than they have calculated on, and that there is an actual surplus of capital, which is not represented by our limited amount of currency, that is seeking for profitable investment, these securities that are now neglected will be eagerly sought for, and their current value will be enhanced. Capital, too, is continually pouring in upon us from Europe, in streams which separately do not seem of much account, but in the aggregate are very large additions to our wealth. For example, one day this week a banking firm in Wall Street sold bills on London to the extent of $1,500,000; and this was merely transferring to this market that amount of money, which had been loaned for the purpose of completing an important real estate improvement in the interior of the country.

The last Bank Statement of Saturday was altogether an encouraging one, and exhibited an increase in legal tenders, so that the banks possessed something near $700,000 more reserve in excess of the required 25 per cent. than they did the week previous.

The price of gold has been on the decline, and on Monday fell to 111¼; and, as our exports of produce are larger than they were last year, and are on the increase, while the shipments of specie are less, the chances are in favor of a still further decline.

The stock market has been suffered to run down by the "bull" operators, probably for the purpose of encouraging short sales by the "bears"; and the singular condition of affairs has existed that, while money has grown more abundant, the very ease with which stocks can be carried seems to have been the cause of a decline in prices. There was an unexpected break in the Northwestern, Hannibal and Saint Joseph, and the St. Paul Railroad shares, which affected the whole market; but at the commencement of the present week there was something of a revival and an advance of 2 to 3 per cent. on the leading speculative list. The market at present hinges on the action of the Lake Shore directors at their meeting this week, the result of which we shall not learn until after our paper goes to press; but, whatever their action may be, it will relieve the stock market from an impending danger, and affairs will assume a more encouraging form after it shall be known. An apprehended danger never proves so bad as the apprehension of it. They are the unlooked for catastrophes which produce the mischief.

Among our most favored securities in the way of railroad mortgages, the 6 per cent. gold bonds of the Chesapeake and Ohio Road are rapidly taking a front position. During the last three or four days a large amount of these bonds has been absorbed by investors who desire a long bond, paying a good rate of interest and affording an undoubted guaranty, all of which are to be had in the above bonds. There are already upward of 5,000 men busily engaged on the road, which it is expected will be completed before autumn, and on that portion of the road already constructed business is steadily increasing. The well-known financial standing and integrity of the managers and financial agents is a sufficient guaranty of the soundness of the investment, and the road when finished will form one of the principal trunk lines from the Atlantic coast westward. The rapidity with which the loan is being absorbed and the small amount left untaken make it probable that the price will be soon advanced. At present the bonds are offered at 92 and accrued interest since May 1st.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL NOTES.

It is estimated that about one-twelfth of the cost of a railroad in this country, including equipment, is annually destroyed by wear and tear. At this rate a railroad by simple use eats itself up in twelve years, and requires to be wholly reproduced by a new outlay of capital. Besides a dividend, it must earn at least one-twelfth of its cost to pay the annual expenses of its repairs or the investment will prove a bad one.

—The population of Tennessee in 1860 was 1,109,801, and in 1870 it was 1,257,983. The assessed valuation of property in the state in 1870 was $252,882,874, the tax collection on which amounted to $505,-437. The total debt of the state September 30th, 1870, was $38,539,802, which will be reduced to about $19,000,000 by the sale of its interest in railroads in the state.

—The recent census of the city of London shows that it contains a population of about 3,500,000. This makes it the largest city in the world, being equal to about four such cities as New York. If, however, we include in New York the population of its suburbs, as is done with London, then New York would be more than half the size of London.

—The total loss of American tonnage during the late war, embracing vessels captured and those sold to foreigners, amounted to 879,257 tons. During the four years of the war more American tonnage was sold abroad than during the preceding forty years. This is one of the causes of the present condition of our commercial marine

—The Reading Railroad Company is in the money markets of London and New York as a borrower of $25,000,000 to pay for the purchase of large tracts of the richest coal-lands in the Schuylkill regions, for the improvement of these coal-tracts, and for going into the mining business on a vast scale.

DRY GOODS.

The past week was one of comparative quiet; but the market for domestic cotton and woolen fabrics of every description has maintained its firmness, without material change, though in several instances prices have advanced a fraction; and the impression is so general that with the commencement of the fall business a further advance will be made that the manufacturers will find no difficulty in establishing higher rates for the season. But, if they are wise, they will act cautiously, and not check the opening fall business by overtaxing their customers. All the indications are favorable to a large and active business; but too much anxiety to make the most out of it might so diminish the volume of transactions as to leave an unsatisfactory margin for profits, after all. Both cotton and woolen fabrics are in good demand, and the stocks in the hands of agents are known to be small; but the bulk of the deliveries are now made in fulfillment of early contracts. The larger jobbing-houses, who made their contracts and purchases early in the spring, at the low prices then ruling, are doing a good business in package sales to the Southwest.

Brown sheetings and shirtings are without important change in standard qualities; but prices are firmly maintained, while in some of the lower grades a further advance of ¼ cent a yard has been established. Indian Head standards are quoted at 14 cts.; Massachusetts standards 13½ cts.; St. Lawrence O 12½ cts.; Laurel D 13 cts., do. H 11½ cts.; Wachusetts and Adriatic each 13 cts.; Amoskeag A 13 cts., do. B 12½ cts.; Stark standards 13 cts.; Stark B 12½ cts.; 4-4 G. B. Landon 17 cts.; Medford 13 cts.; Everett Mills A A 13½ cts.; Mystic River 12½ cts.; 32-inch Nashua O 12½ cts.; 36-inch do. R 14 cts. Shirtings: 30-inch Indian Head 11½ cts.; 30-inch Wachusetts 11 cts.; 30-inch Appleton N 11 cts., do. do. X 11½ cts.; 30-inch Adriatic N 11 cts.; Bedford R 9 cts.; ⅞ Massachusetts 11 cts. for Standard N, 10 cts. for J, 9 cts. for C, and 9 cts. for fine P do.; ⅞ Pocasset Tiger 7½ cts., ⅞ H do. 8 cts.

Bleached sheetings and shirtings sell freely from first hands, and there is little chance for any accumulation of stock in the hands of the agents and commission houses. Prices are well sustained and in some cases an advance has taken place. New York Mills are quoted at 21 cts. Wamsutta Mills 20 cts. for 4-4, 25 cts. for 9-8, and 27 cts. for 5-4; Tuscarora 18 cts. for 5-4, 23 cts. for 9-8, and 25 cts. for 5-4; Bartlett's 12½ cts. for 3-4, 13½ cts. for 7-8, 15 cts. for 4-4, and 17 cts. for 5-4; Newmarket W 15½ cts., do. C 13 cts.; 4-4 Wesacumcon 14 cts., 5-4 do. 16½ cts., 33-inch do. 13 cts., ½ do. 12 cts.; 4-4 Lonsdale 17 cts.; 4-4 Hope 14 cts.; Green G 12 cts. It must be understood that most of the leading makes are only sold on orders for future delivery at the market value when delivered.

Printing cloths are firm in price, but there is less activity in the market. An advance of ¼ cent a yard has been established in some grades. 64 standard in the gray have been sold at 7½ to 8 cts., and for delivery up to January at 7¾ cts.

There is no special activity in prints; the market is quiet and steady, and the heavy sales for the fall trade have not yet commenced. A few of the fall styles have been exhibited by the manufacturers' agents, but the offerings of dark colorings are not yet sufficient to test the demand. The quotations are: American Print Works 11½ cents regular for new dark styles, 11½ cents for robe styles, do. green and orange 11½ cents, 4-4 do. on extra fine cloth 13 cents; Allen's 11½ cents regular for dark fancy, 11½ cents for assorted frocks and purples, and 12 cents for pink; Warren solid colors 10½ cents; Magnolia 9 cents; Manchester 11½ cents for dark fancy, do. robe patterns 12½ cents.

There is an increasing demand for ginghams, and prices are steadily maintained. Lancaster are held at 15 cents; Glasgow, 13 cents; Renfrew, 15 cents; Namaske, 14½ cents; Amoskeag, 15 cents; Caledonia Mills, 13½ cents; Bismarck, 11½ cents; Stanton, 18 cents; Carleton fine, 19 cents; Dumbarton, 11 cents.

Cotton flannels are in steady demand and prices are well maintained.

Cambrics are in good demand from the trade, and sales of the best black and assorted colors are freely made at quotations. Smithfield at 8½ cents; Amoskeag 8½ cents; Arcadia 8½ cents for plain; Novelty 7½ cents; Crown 8½ cents; Clinton 8 cents for plain and 8½ cents for high colors; Red Cross do. 8½ cents less six per cent.; Union 8½ cents; Waverly 8½ cents, less five per cent.

Rolled jaconets are not to be had in any considerable amount from agents but by giving orders for future delivery, at market value. Lonsdale 11½ cents regular for plain and 12½ cents for high colors; Slater's and Masonville each 12 cents for plain and 13 cents for high colors; Manville 12 cents for plain and 13 cents for high colors.

Corset jeans are in active demand, but the limited amount of leading makes in first hands restricts the amount of sales. Prices are very firm.

Muslin delaines are coming into the market; and, though it is early in the season for these fabrics, there is a very good demand for them. There is a gratifying improvement in all the different styles of domestic dress goods; and the new designs of dark colorings which have been offered are satisfactory. Pacific, Hamilton, and Manchester delaines are each sold by agents at 20 cts. for fancy, and 22 cts. for scarlet; do. reps, 23½ cts.; Pacific Company's 2 cords, 22½ cts.; do. brocades, 23½ cts.; do. Armures, 19 cts.; do. Orientals, 18 cts.; do. ½ alpacas, 21 cts.; do. 6-4 do., 20 and 22½ cts.; do. steel lusters, 22½ cts.; do. AA merino, 42½ cts.

Linseys are in moderately fair demand and prices are firm; but the sales are not large.

Woolen shawls are beginning to be inquired for, but the greater part of the stock offered by agents is of the last year's production. The new styles are not yet placed upon the market; but prices will doubtless be established at an advance from last year's rates when the season commences.

In woolen fabrics generally the market is not active, but prices are strong and steady. In cloths and overcoatings there have been large purchases made, both by the clothing houses and the jobbers, and an active fall trade is anticipated. The stock in first hands is smaller than usual at this season, and prices are firmly maintained. Fancy cassimeres are in good demand for the finer grades, and there are active sales at firm prices. For the lower grades there is a less active demand, but last year's prices are firmly maintained.

Flannels sell freely, and prices are steady, with a tendency to advance, which would be caused by any increase in trade, as the stock in first hands is small. The quotations are: scarlet, blue, and mixed twilled do. 27½c. a 67½c.; 4-4 Shaker 45c. a 81; Gilbert's operas from 52½c. a 62½c.; Franklin Mills do. do. 53½c. Messrs. Campbell & Elliott, agents, quote the 28-inch Southwark, book fold, at 30 cents; do. 34-inch do., long fold, 40 c.; 28-inch Caledonia, book fold, 37½ c.

There is less activity in the demand for blankets; but the stock of popular makes in first hands is so small that prices are very firm, and the agents are by no means anxious to make sales at present rates.

American linens do not undergo many fluctuations of prices or demand. The sales are steady, but increasing. The quotations are: Stark Company's unbleached crash at 11 cents for 14-inch AT, 12 cts. for 14-inch X, 14 cts. for 17-inch, and 16 cts. for 20-inch; bleached 12 cts. for 14-inch AT, 13 cts. for 14-inch X, 15 cts. for 17-inch, and 17 cts. for 20-inch; brown twilled 15 cts. for 17-inch, and 17 cts. for 20-inch.

There is not much of a movement in foreign dry goods, but the importers have made preparations for a large business, and it is not likely that they will be disappointed in their expectations. The excitement in domestic goods has monopolized so much of the attention of our large jobbing houses that they are but just beginning to give their time to the importers. Their turn, however, has now come; and for the next sixty days there will be a constantly increasing business among the importers and in the auction-rooms.

HARVEY FISK. A. S. HATCH.

OFFICE OF

FISK & HATCH,

BANKERS AND DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

No. 5 Nassau st., N. Y., July 24th, 1871.

To persons desiring to invest money or to fund their five-twenties, we offer and recommend, with the fullest confidence, the First Mortgage Gold Bonds of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company, as an entirely safe and reliable investment.

The great value of the property now existing, in completed road in successful operation, renders the security ample and independent of future contingencies.

The traffic awaiting the extension of the Road to the Ohio River, as a great East and West Trunk Line, now in progress and rapidly approaching completion, will be immense and profitable.

The experienced, prudent, and honorable management for which this Company is distinguished, and the well-known high character and standing of its officers and directors, are a sufficient guaranty of good faith, and insure for their securities a high credit and standing in the market, which must render them always popular and salable.

The exchange of Five-twenties for these bonds may now be made with a profit of about 20 per cent. and a continuance of 6 per cent. gold interest.

Price, 92 and accrued interest from May 1. The bonds are in denominations of $1,000, $500, and $100.

FISK & HATCH.

FIRST MORTGAGE JOINT BOND

OF

THREE

New England Railroad Companies

(Principal and Interest Payable in Gold),

COMPRISING THE

VERMONT DIVISION

of the

Portland & Ogdensburg Trunk R. R. Line,

CONNECTING THE

LAKES AND THE ATLANTIC

By Much the Shortest Route.

This Road is being built and managed by New England business men, who have invested largely in the capital stock, and whose experience and reputation guarantee the most thorough construction of the Road, and at the same time insure the most honorable conduct of its affairs.

The Road is so situated as to secure to itself, at once, the largest pleasure travel of any railroad in the Eastern States, connecting, as it will, by the shortest route, *Saratoga, Lakes George and Champlain* with *Mt. Mansfield, Lakes Memphremagog* and *Willoughby*, and the *White Mountains*. Independent of the through freight and passenger traffic, which must at once flow to it upon its completion, in consequence of its being the shortest route to the seaboard, the earnings from the local business will be sufficient to pay all running expenses and the interest on its small bonded debt.

Cash subscriptions to the stock of the Road have already been made sufficient to complete the road ready for the iron. The bonds are coupon or registered, and are in denominations of

$1,000, $500, and $100.

The interest is six per cent. in gold, payable semi-annually, in Boston, May 1st and November 1st. These bonds are offered until further notice at 90 and accrued interest in currency, and we recommend them to Savings Banks, holders of trust funds, and all others having money to invest, as first-class securities.

For further information—pamphlets, maps, etc.—apply to

E. & T. Fairbanks & Co.,
St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

Fairbanks & Co.,
252 Broadway, New York.

Fairbanks, Brown & Co.,
118 Milk street, Boston.

Fairbanks & Ewing,
715 Chestnut street, Phila.

FINANCIAL AGENTS.

TANNER & CO.,

BANKERS,

11 WALL ST., NEW YORK,

Buy and Sell, at current market rates, the FIRST MORTGAGE EIGHT (8) PER CENT. GOLD BONDS of the ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD CO.

Interest payable August and February, in New York, London, or Frankfort-on-the-Main, free of U. S. Taxes.

TANNER & CO.,
No. 11 Wall St.

PORTLAND AND OGDENSBURG RAILWAY BONDS.

We are pleased to learn from the Messrs. Fairbanks & Co., the fiscal agents of the Vermont or Middle Division of this road, that, although these bonds have but recently been offered to the public, the sales have far exceeded their expectations. Among the purchasers are a number of the leading and most conservative New England capitalists, who were induced to invest in these bonds by the certain paying prospects of the road, their confidence in the integrity and ability which is being exhibited in its construction and management, and in the general importance of the enterprise to the country, particularly to the sections which it will drain, pass through, and supply.

Investments made for such reasons and by *such* parties give an assurance that the entire loan will be promptly taken. It is an endorsement seldom bestowed upon railway bonds, and one which will induce all classes in New England to look upon this loan with favor.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

[A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.]

BREADSTUFFS.—The more liberal arrivals of new Winter, together with scarcity of freight-room, unfavorable Liverpool advices, and reduced limits to shippers' orders, have given buyers a decided advantage; and prices during the past week have declined almost daily. Much of the Spring arriving proves to be soft, and is chiefly from Minnesota. This has been on the market, and added much to the depression and heaviness. The low prices which prevail are very unexpected, and the losses are heavy. Our present stock is about 550,000 bushels, and the quantity on the canal about 580,000 ditto. At the Produce Exchange, yesterday, there was a limited demand, and prices of most kinds were lower. Sound Spring was scarce and steady, while New was more plenty and lower. The exports were for the week 540,290 bushels, and the sales 681,500 bushels. The Flour market, with larger arrivals, more unfavorable foreign advices, and large receipts at lake ports, has declined, and holders, under the steady increase of their stocks, have forced them upon the market at lower and irregular prices. Common brands of Spring Wheat Extras have sold slowly, and have been offered freely, and have contributed much to depress the market. A portion of the New Flour to hand is of ordinary quality, and on it a large concession has been made. Family Brands have been difficult of sale, and could only be disposed of by submitting to a large decline. At the close the market is lower and moderately active. Oats have been in fair demand for the local trade; and, with liberal present and prospective arrivals, there has been more eagerness to realize, and prices are much lower. Corn has been more freely offered; and, with favorable prospects for a large crop from every section, there is not much inclination to hold. At the close a large business was done at the lower prices. Sales of the week were 923,000 bushels, and the exports 271,363 bushels. Barley Malt is in limited supply and is held higher; but the business has been moderate, owing to the extreme prices insisted on. Rye has been greatly neglected, and prices are nominal, in the absence of sales. We have favorable reports from this state and the West of this crop.

COFFEE.—The demand for Brazil has been only moderate since our last, but holders have been quite firm and offer their stocks sparingly. The business that has been done has been confined to the actual requirements of the trade. Other kinds have been less sought after and prices are more or less nominal.

COTTON.—The market has been irregular. Prices as a general thing have been in buyers favor. The little steadiness noted was on account of the favorable advices from Liverpool. The business, however, has been to a fair extent.

MOLASSES.—There has been only a moderate degree of activity in the market since our last, but prices show no particular change. Holders, as a rule, have been firm, on account of the small stock.

PROVISIONS.—No very decided changes have taken place in the market for the Hog product during the period under review, the movements being largely confined to unsuccessful efforts on the part of speculators to infuse some animation into the position. The consumption of Meats has been small, and very largely supplied from the current ice-house production, while the export movement was also confined to the main to such parcels of Box Meats as could be secured from city packers. Lard sold very well for export—the winter stock at first going out; but subsequently became almost totally neglected for the new crop summer-rendered, which shippers found to be almost as good in quality and much lower in price. Generally, the feeling among the trade is doubtful, and values in many instances simply nominal. For Beef there is no improvement in the demand, and the market remains in the long-noted slow and doubtful condition, though holders generally are anxious to sell out and would allow easy terms to free buyers.

SUGARS.—The market for Raw Sugars has been fairly active. Prices early in the week were weak, but later there was a firmer tone. The inquiry has chiefly been directed to the better grades; say Good and Prime Refining and Centrifugal Cuba, of which the sales have been pretty large, and at full prices, these being held most firmly or offered most sparingly. The lower grades, though not in so large request, remain steady. The stock with light arrivals continues to fall off, and is now some 10,000 hhds. below the highest point of the season. Refined is less active, but has met with a steady and rather better demand, taking up the whole production; but prices, as a rule, have been in buyers' favor.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JULY 25th, 1871.

[Reported Expressly for The Independent.]

BEEVES.—There was a good demand. Prices have advanced and the market closes firm,

MILCH COWS are scarce and higher.

VEAL CALVES are in moderate request and prices are firmer.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Sheep are quiet but firm. Lambs are dull and lower.

SWINE are quiet but firmer.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE PRINCIPAL MARKET PLACES.

	This week.	Last week.
Fancy	13¼@13¾	13¼@13¾
Extra	11½@12	11½@12
First quality	10¾@11¼	11 @11¼
Second quality	10½@10¾	10¼@10¾
Third quality	9 @10½	9 @10¼
Inferior	7 @8¾	8 @8¾
Average of all sales about	10¾@11	— @10¾

GENERAL QUOTATIONS.

Cows and Calves.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice	$60@$65	$60@$65
Good	50@55	50@55
Fair	40@45	40@45
Inferior and Common	25@35	30@35

Veal Calves.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra and Choice	8¼@ 8¾	8¼@ 9
Good	7 @8¼	8 @8¼
Common	6 @8¾	6 @8¾
Inferior	4 @5¾	4 @5¾

Sheep and Lambs.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice	per lb. 6 @6¾	6 @6¾
Extra	" 6¼@6¾	6¼@6¾
Good	" 5¾@6¼	5¾@6¼
Fair	" 4¾@5¾	4¾@5¾
Common	" 4¼@4¾	4¼@4¾
Extra Lambs	" 10 @10¾	10 @10¾
Good	" 9 @9¾	9 @9¾
Common to Fair	" 7 @8¾	7 @8¾

Swine.

	Live, per lb.	Dressed, per lb.
Corn-fed	5¾@ 6¾	8¼@ 7¾

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, July 24, 1871.

The following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold on the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, specially reported to The Independent (and more reliable than to any other newspaper in the city), is worth to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper.

PRINTS.

Merrimack. W	12¾	Wamsutta	6¾
Merrimack. D	12¾	Garner & Co	11
Cocheco	11	Hamilton	9½
Sprague	11	Hamilton	11¾
Pacific	11¾	Richmond	11¾
American	11½	Gloucester	11¾
Dunnells	11	Mourning	11
Allens	11	Lancaster	11
Manchester	11¾	Orient	11

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	15	Roanoke	12
Hartford	13	Glasgow	12

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag. A	14	Pepperell. R	12
Lawrence. F	11	" B	11¾
" L	11	" C	11¾
" H	10½	" D	10¾
" N	9¾	" E	9¾
Pacific Extra	13	" F	9¾
" A	12	" G	9¾
Atlantic. A	13	Boot. S	12¾
" H	13	" R	10¾
" L	12¾	" H	9¾
" N	11¾	Appleton. A	13
" O	10¾	Clark's	13
Augusta. F	11	Lancaster. O	13¾
Stark. A	13	" R	13
Massachusetts	13	" D	9¼
" BB	13	Lyman. R	13
Indian Head	13¾	" D	9¼
"	11¾	Ocean. A	13
Exeter. A	10¾	Ocean Orchard	12¾
" B	10¾	"	11¾
Medford	10¾	"	10¾
Nonantum	10¾	" W	10¾
Pittsfield. A	10¾	"	9¾
Kennebec	10¾	Great Falls. H	9¾
Portsmouth	10¾	" L	11¾
"	9¾	" M	13
Newmarket. A	11¾	Dwight. A	11¾

BLEACHED MUSLIN.

New York Mills	21	Reynolds. AA	12
Wamsutta	20	Ballou & Son	13¾
Tuscarora	17½	"	12¾
Bates	17½	Lonsdale	11
White Rock	17½	Cambric	12½
Forestdale	15½	Hill	16
Masonville	17	"	13½
Blackstone	15½	Bartlett	16
Hope	14	"	14
Langdon	14	" 36-inch	18
" 40-inch	15½	" 45-inch	20
" 36-inch	14	James Sw'm Mills	14
Waureegan	14	" 36-inch	16
Pepperell	24	" 45-inch	18¾
"	22	Great Falls. S	11
"	20	" A	13
"	18	" M	15
"	16	" H	18
Utica	18	Red Bank	11½
"	16	"	10½
"	12½	Waltham. K	11¾
Boot. R	9	" 40-inch	13¾
" W	12	Bay Mills	10
Canton	24	Green. G	14
Dwight